

THE
CRITICAL REVIEW;
Series the Fifth.

VOL. V.]

JUNE, 1817.

[No. VI.]

ART. I.—*Plan of a Parliamentary Reform, in the form of a Catechism, with Reasons for each Article; with an Introduction, shewing the Necessity of Radical, and the Inadequacy of Moderate Reform. By JEREMY BENTHAM.* Royal 8vo. pp. 305. London, R. Hunter, 1817.

THIS is a singular work as to the form. The Introduction comprehends 337 pages, but the Catechism (for which this preparatory matter is supplied) is only 52 pages. There is always this inconvenience attending such a scheme, that the reader being unacquainted with the immediate purpose of the writer, is disenabled from applying progressively the reasoning employed to the conclusions to which the whole argument is designed to be auxiliary.

There is another peculiarity which is extremely embarrassing: the matter is divided and subdivided into so many heads, and several of them looking different ways, that the main trunk or subject is frequently lost behind them, and the attention is so distracted, that the unity which should be preserved both in the mind of the reader, and the purpose of the author, is frequently lost.

We do not profess to agree in all the opinions of this writer, who in his various productions has contributed so much to enlighten the public mind, but with a great portion of his sentiments, as delivered in this work, we perfectly concur, although we would not have it assumed that our assent is given to all his notions in the extracts we insert. It should be remembered, that our design in this review is to afford to our readers a general account of the interesting works before us, and not to justify the observations they may contain.

The subject of reform has been discussed in so many different shapes, that, Proteus-like, it is very difficult to be detected in its fit and natural appearances and proportions; and perhaps it may be advisable, in the first instance to confine our attention to the different modes under which

it has been presented in Parliament. To this indeed we are directly led by a sketch in the work, which was originally drawn up by Mr. Meadly, the author of the *Memoirs of the Life of Dr. Paley*.

Commencing with the year 1770, the Earl of Chatham, in moving an address to the King, stated, that "instead of depriving a county of its representative," alluding to the case of Mr. Wilkes, "one or more members ought to be added to the representation of the counties, in order to operate as a balance against the weight of several corrupt and venal boroughs, which perhaps could not be lopped off entirely without the hazard of a public convulsion." The scheme of Lord Chatham was (as expressed in an answer to an address of thanks from the city of London) the addition of one knight to each shire; and on the subject of the duration of parliaments, he observed (in 1771), that "a plan for a more equal representation by additional knights of the shire, seems highly reasonable, and to shorten the duration of parliament not less so."

It was not until 1776 that a motion was made for leave to bring in a bill for the just and equal representation of the people. Mr. Wilkes was the mover; and the proposition being resisted by Lord North, it was lost without a division. On that occasion, the Member for Middlesex disclosed his project, which was: that every free agent in the kingdom should be represented; that the depopulated towns and boroughs should be disfranchised; that the members so dispensed with should be transferred to the city of London, the counties of Middlesex and York, and to Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, &c. with such other rich and populous towns as had no voice in Parliament.

This was the first modern effort in the Legislature; but between the years 1780 and 1812, thirteen additional attempts were made: one by the Duke of Richmond, Mr. Sawbridge, Mr. Flood, and Sir Francis Burdett, respectively; two by Mr. Brande; three by Mr. Pitt; and four by Mr. Grey. Of these schemes, the Duke of Richmond's, which was the most extensive, was prevented from proceeding by the alarming riots in Palace Yard in the year 1780; and of the others, ten came to a division. Mr. Flood's was withdrawn on Mr. Pitt's moving the amendment, and Mr. Grey's first proposition of 1792 was only a notice of motion for the ensuing session.

The first plan of Mr. Pitt was that which approached nearest to success, owing perhaps jointly to the generality

of its form, and to the rising influence of the mover, who was destined to become soon afterwards the supreme officer in the councils of this country. The simple object was, "that a committee be appointed to inquire into the state of the representation in parliament, and to report to the House their observations thereon." There were 302 members present, and the majority against it was only 20.

That which next arrived the nearest to the legislative, was proposed in the year 1785, and it was also the scheme of Mr. Pitt. There were on this occasion 422 members who voted, and the majority negating it was 74. The ayes much exceeded those on any other the like occasions, 174 being for the affirmative. The motion was, that leave be given to bring in a bill to amend the representation of the people of England in parliament; and the plan, Mr. Pitt observed, "consisted of two parts: the first was more immediate than the other, but they were both gradual. The one was calculated to produce an early, if not an immediate change, in the constitution of the boroughs; and the other was intended to establish a rule, by which the representation should change with the changes of the country. It was therefore his intention to provide, in the first instance, that the representation of thirty-six of the most decayed boroughs, which should be disfranchised on their voluntary application to Parliament for an adequate consideration, should be distributed among the counties; and that afterwards any which might still remain of a similar description, should have the power of surrendering their franchises, and the right of sending members be transferred to such large and populous towns as should desire it.*

From these projects, which were the most powerfully, we will proceed to that which was the most feebly supported, and which, notwithstanding, many of our readers will consider to be the best. The motion was made on the 15th of June, 1809, by Sir Francis Burdett, and it was prospective, that this House will early in the next session of parliament take into consideration the necessity of reform in the representation.—Only fifteen members were in favour of it!—"My plan," said Sir Francis Burdett, "consists in very few and very simple regulations; and as the disease we labour under has been caused by the disunion of property and political right, which reason and the constitution say should never be separated, the remedy which I shall sug-

* *Parl. Reg.* 1785, xviii. 42—82. *Wyvill Pol. Pap.* 372—442.

gest will consist in reuniting them again. For this purpose, I shall propose—That the freeholders, householders, and others, subject to direct taxation in support of the poor, the church, and the state, be required to elect members to serve in parliament. That each county be subdivided according to the taxed male population, and each subdivision required to elect one representative. That the votes be taken in each parish by the parish officers, and all elections finished in one and the same day. That the parish officers make returns to the Sheriff's Court, to be held for that purpose at stated periods; and, That parliaments be brought back to a constitutional duration.”*

The ultimate proposition of the same honourable baronet, our readers are aware, was made as late as the 20th of last month, and it was for a select committee to inquire into the state of the representation, which motion was negatived by a majority of 188; 265 opposing, and 77 only concurring, in proposition.

We have thought it would be convenient to supply this cursory view of the unproductive efforts that have been made, in order to prepare our readers for the general subject of this work, which, it seems, had been laid on the shelf by the worthy author for eight years, in the despair of any utility from the publication. He thus expresses his feelings and opinions:—

“ Drawn on,” says Mr. Bentham, “ in the road to that gulph, (national ruin), from those times down to the present,—the country, if my eyes do not deceive me, is already at the very brink:—reform or convulsion, such is the alternative. How faint soever the hope of its being attainable,—I for one, under the disease under which I see the country lingering, cannot discover any other than this one possible remedy. Of the composition of it—such as in my conception it must be, to be productive of any effect—some conception was and is now endeavoured to be given in the ensuing little tract. On the subject of the necessity, more than a few introductory pages cannot at this time, and in this place, be spared. To give any adequate conception of it would require a much larger work.

“ For the destruction of every thing by which the constitution of this country has ever been distinguished to its advantage, no additional measures need be employed: let but the principles already avowed continue to be avowed—let but the course of action, dictated by those principles, be persevered in—the consummation is effected.

* Cobbett's Parl. Deb. xiv. 1041—1071.

"Gagging Bills—suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act—interdiction of all communication between man and man for any such purpose as that of complaint or remedy—all these have already become precedent; all these are in preparation; all these are regarded as things of course.

"The pit is already dug: one after another, or all together, the securities called *English liberties* will be cast into it. With the sacred name of reform on their lips, and nothing better than riot or pillage in their hearts, let but a dozen or a score of obscure desperadoes concert mischief in a garret or an alehouse, fear will be pretended, prudence and wisdom mimicked—honest cowards will be made to acquiesce and to co-operate by feigned cowardice:—for the transgression of the dozen or the score, the million will be punished, and from the subjects of a disguised despotism will be made such under a despotism in form, to which disguise is no longer necessary:—such is the state of things, for which it is time for every man to prepare himself.

"As for the *Habeas Corpus Act*, better the statute-book were rid of it. Standing or lying as it does, up one day, down another,—it serves but to swell the list of sham-securities, with which, to keep up the delusion, the pages of our law books are defiled. When no man has need of it, then it is that it stands: comes a time when it might be of use, and then it is suspended." (p. ii—iii.)

The author distinguishes, as the most prominent existing grievance, the garrisoning of France, which he considers about as necessary to the security of Britain, as an army of our countrymen would be in China, forgetting how near we are to that turbulent ocean to which the moral world is as dangerously exposed, as the physical world may be in other situations. After stating his opinion of the condition of affairs, he endeavours to point out the means by which they may be improved, and his illustrations are not always the most happy. "In toothless infancy," says he, "is there more wisdom than in grey hairs?"—forgetting that age is also toothless, and that it likewise has its second infancy, without the hope of increasing strength, or the possibility of approaching manhood. The remedy for our political diseases, Mr. Bentham considers to be, what he calls "democratic ascendancy;" and in his explanation he declares himself to be the advocate of perfect unadulterated republicanism in theory, although he makes some concession in practice, as applied to the British constitution.

"Look to positive experience: behold it in the American United States. There you have—not merely democratic ascendancy—democratic ascendancy in a mixt government; but democracy—pure democracy, and nothing else. There you have—not one democracy

only, but a whole cluster of democracies: there, all is democracy; all is regularity, tranquillity, prosperity, security: continual security, and with it, continually increasing, though with practical equality divided, opulence. All, all is democracy: no aristocracy; no monarchy; all that dross evaporated. As for us, we need no such purity; we could not brook it: the dross has a glitter on it; our eyes are used to it,—*that* glitter! we cannot part with it. With us, so far as consists with national salvation, possession not only of *property* but of *power*, even though that power be but a *trust*, is a sacred thing: the *uti possidetis* principle, as in international law a well-known and frequently applied, so in internal government, a sacred principle. Well, let us keep it then—the whole of it: not pure democracy do we want, nor any thing like it: what we want is, under the existing forms of subjection, the ascendancy—the virtual and effectual ascendancy of the democratic interest: this is all we are absolutely in need of: with this we should be content: with less than this it is in vain to speak of content; for less than this cannot save us.” (p. xli—xlii.)

Having disposed of the subject generally, he proceeds to the inquiry in detail; and here he recommends, as the cure for the evils of which he complains, radical parliamentary reform. In this part he examines what radical reform is, what the sort of reform termed moderate is, and what and where the difference between them? He next shews the situation of parliamentary electors, and the practical equality of representation; discussing the duration of parliaments, and many other matters, connected and unconnected with the subject. The history of our legislative institutions, from the time of the second of the Stuarts to the accession of the House of Hanover, he follows up with the subsequent remarks, in which some of his peculiarities will be noticed both of style and language.

“ Comes the new dynasty of the Gwelfs, and now one of the first acts of the first of them (1 G. I. c. 38) was to poison the constitution of the country: of that country, the voice of which had called him to the throne. Most probably the scheme was in the greater degree, if not exclusively, the scheme of the Honourables among his advisers; the benefit to them being as manifest, as to the ill-advised Monarch it was problematical. Their *constituents* had seated them for three years; they seated *themselves* for four years more. An analogous retaliation would have been another Gunpowder Plot, not contrived only but executed. How long shall *principals* continue bound by chains of iron, *trustees* by nothing but cobwebs? According to these men, to such a degree was the nation adverse to the new King,—all the Official Establishment, added to all the Army and the majority of the Peerage, would not, without

the continued service of these Honourables, have sufficed for his support. Well then—if it was so—(not that it was so)—what was he better than an Usurper, fenced about by this guard of petty tyrants? The Monarch was no usurper: he was fairly seated. Not so, Honourable Gentlemen. What shall we say of their successors? successors seated by the original sin of their forefathers: seated by the same breach of trust.

“ Remains one short observation, by which much sad matter is brought to view. In the situation in question, only in proportion as it contributes to strengthen the ties of their dependence, is impermanence, and thence annuality in comparison of trienniality, of any use: only therefore in the case, and to the extent, of that portion of the whole population of the Honourable House, who are in any degree dependent for their seats on the good opinion of the persons styled their constituents: and how small that minority is, which is composed of the persons whose presence is not a nuisance and an insult to the whole people of the United Empire, let them say to whose industry the melancholy secret has been revealed. Before the Irish Union, anno 1793, according to the *Friends-of-the-people Society*, of the 558 Seats, by Patrons, 154, seats filled, 307; not known to be so filled, 251; known majority of sham Representatives, 56. Since the Union, anno 1812, according to Mr. Brand, of the 658 seats, by Patrons (*i. e.* single Patrons acting as such in severalty) 182, seats filled, 326; add ditto, filled by compromise between 40 pair of Terrorists, seats filled, 80:* total 406 and more: Representatives not known to be sham, 252, and no more; known majority of sham Representatives, 154, and more.” (p. ccxcvii—ccxcix.)

With regard to the Catechism, as the reader will be liable to be lost in the maze of definitions and distinctions which rise up on every side, as if to conceal the fit objects from his view, we will try to lead him in the right road, which we have, with some perplexity, endeavoured to acquire. It is in the form of question and answer, which, for the sake of brevity, we shall not adopt. In speaking of the ends to be aimed at in parliamentary reform, he states these purposes: that the members should possess the endowments necessary for the duties to be fulfilled, and that the inconveniences should be diminished, both of elections and of the judicial proceedings connected with them. In considering the endowments of members, he expects from them probity, talent, and activity in the application of that talent.

* The passage, as reported, not being altogether clear of ambiguity, here follow the words:—“above forty persons returned on either” (each?) “side, by that which was denominated a compromise.”—*Cobbett's Debates*, xxiii. 102, May 8, 1812.

He requires the exclusion of placemen from the privilege of voting, although they are not to be deprived of the liberty of sitting and speaking in parliament; and he insists that it is no more necessary that a placeman who recommends a law should vote upon it, than an advocate in the Court of King's Bench should support, by his vote, a motion which he submits to the judges that preside there.

On diminishing the inconveniences of elections, he proposes that the only title required to confer upon a man the character of an elector, should be the payment of a certain amount in taxes. The voting he suggests should be secret as to the candidate preferred, to prevent influence; and this secrecy is to be preserved, whether the party vote personally, or transmit his vote to the proper authority.

He advises that the House of Commons consist of 600 members, 400 immediately representing the soil, and 200 the population: for the first, the whole territory of the country is to be divided into 400 districts, to each of which one member is to be assigned.

The members for population are to be regulated in proportion to the inhabitants in the respective cities and towns; but the matter is to be so arranged, that only the number, 200, is to stand in this relation in parliament. Thus, he says, London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, the three capitals, would possess the ascendancy which belongs to them, not only from the extent of their population, but from their superior rank in intellect.

Aliens, he thinks, might be admitted as electors; neither would he exclude females, who, he observes, are allowed to assist in the nomination of directors of our great East India establishment, extending its government over thirty or forty millions of population.

He is an advocate for annual elections.

"By perpetually holding up to the view of each successful candidate, now become a member, the near prospect of a fresh election, on the occasion of which it may happen to his constituents to have the choice of the same or any additional number of rival candidates: for all whom the encouragement will be greater and greater, in proportion as, on his part, any feature of unfitness, absolute or comparative, has, in either of these two shapes, been manifested; viz. whether by discourses indicative of ignorance or weakness, by constant silence and inactivity, or by absention or slackness of attendance." (p. 17.)

He attaches great importance, very properly, to the regular attendance of members on their public duty; but he

proposes an expedient to secure it, which would not be very readily acceded to under the habits of our representatives.

"ANNUAL-INDIVIDUAL-ATTENDANCE TABLE: exhibiting on every day of sitting throughout the year, for the instruction of his constituents, the conduct of each representative, in respect of *attendance, vote, and speech*: with the grounds of *excuse*, if any, for each default, in case of non-attendance.

"N.B. On extraordinary occasions, for party purposes, instances have now and then been known, on which Tables of the nature of the above-mentioned *General-Attendance-Table*, have, without authority, been printed and disseminated by individual hands.

"If the security thus afforded were found not sufficient,—punishment, in the pecuniary shape, combinable with reward in the same shape, might, in the most simple and effectual manner, without need of prosecution, or intervention of lawyers and lawyer-craft, be employed to strengthen it: employed,—viz. by a law framed upon the principle of that class of laws which are said to *execute themselves*.

"On his election, each member *deposits* with the clerk a sum of money: say (merely for illustration) 400*l*.

"A computation is made of the greatest number of days in the year during which it is probable the House will sit;—say, as before, 200. Each day of attendance, on entrance, the member *receives back*, from the hands of a clerk appointed for that purpose, 2*l*.; and at the end of the year, if the number of days of sitting has fallen short of the computed number, 2*l*. is returned for each day whereby it has so fallen short.

"If the aggregate, of the sums thus forfeited on each day, were divided among the members attendant on that day, the force of *reward* would thus be added to that of *punishment*.

"Of the many opulent, and thence idle incapables, who, at present, while the *House* is left empty, crowd the *list*, some would probably, even on the proposed plan of representation, obtain, by means of the illustration shed around by their opulence, a probationary year, with little or no intention, or at any rate without any persevering habit, of regular attendance. The superfluity of these idle favourites of fortune would, in this way, afford a not altogether unwilling supply to the exigencies of the more assiduous and less opulent. And here would be emolument without corruption: *pay* for, and in proportion to, honest *service*.

"In this way, the *penalty* for non-attendance, with or without the *reward* for attendance, might, by the light of experience, be increased or reduced at pleasure." (p. 24—25.)

In considering further the inconveniences attendant on elections, he refers chiefly to the expense and vexation occasioned to candidates; and, on the part of the electors, to their loss of time, idleness, intoxication, quarrels, and

mischief to their persons and property on the occasion of riots. He supposes, that on his plan these disadvantages would not occur, and the absence of them is among the important recommendations on which he insists. On the subject of election judicature, he talks a great deal of lawyers and lawyer-craft, although himself of the profession; and indeed, under all circumstances, he seems to dismiss every feeling of personal party and prejudice, and to possess an unmixed and unadulterated desire to promote that radical reform, as opposed to temporizing expedients, which he deems to be absolutely necessary for the salvation of the state.

We are not aware that we have much to add respecting this work. It contains good sense; but the clear understanding by which it would be dictated is often obscured by the peculiarities in the style and language to which we have adverted; and the meaning of the author is not the more apparent on account of the liberty he takes of coining new words, simple and compound, and the anomalous application of old terms which have long been received under a different construction. His object evidently is to leave no part of his subject unexplained; but, in his assiduity to accomplish that purpose, he deviates into tautology, and becomes tedious with a series of truisms which are familiar to every mind, and require no explanation. Yet it is impossible, in any part of this production, to be insensible to the pure and genuine spirit of patriotism by which the author is animated; and the corresponding fervour which it excites in the mind of the reader, greatly lessens the frigid effect which might be occasioned by the eccentricities with which it abounds.

ART. II.—*Lalla Rookh; an Oriental Romance.* By THOMAS MOORE. 4to. pp. 405. London, Longman, Hurst, and Co. 1817.

VERY few poets, especially in modern times, have gained so easy a reputation as Mr. Thomas Moore: Mr. Robert Southey has been under the necessity of producing annual epics, besides a vast quantity of occasional pieces, in order to gain a fame not so extensive; and all Mr. Walter Scott's romances in verse have been able to accomplish very little more for him. Lord Byron, indeed, with his frequent affectations of wildness and pretences to sentiment, united to a

considerable portion of natural energy, has of late very much absorbed public attention—almost to the exclusion of Mr. Southey and Mr. Scott, who have scarcely ventured into competition with their noble rival; but Mr. Moore has still maintained his rank and station; he has still sent forth his three songs a-year, with which he engaged to furnish his music-seller, at the rate of about five pounds sterling per line;* and they have been sung with delight, and heard with rapture, by all who pretend to any taste either for music or poetry.

Let us look back for a moment at what Mr. Moore has actually done—at those productions on which his reputation depends, and from which he has derived it: the whole of what he has written would scarcely fill two ordinary duodecimo volumes, including the poems he published under the name of Thomas Little, his *Irish* and his *Sacred Melodies*. Yet this is every original line he has printed, if we except two or three things anonymously inserted in some of the newspapers; and these have been the foundation of the wide fame he has acquired. The moment the name of Mr. Moore is mentioned, it is admitted without dispute in all circles, that he is a great poet—and no one thinks of inquiring on what his claim rests to that exalted character.

Some of his warmest admirers will answer us, "Oh! but his verses are so pretty;" and others of his more sensible friends will tell us, that it is ridiculous to make merit depend upon quantity. To the first we reply, that we scarcely know what is meant by the word *pretty*, as applied to verses that are to gain the maker a living reputation never exceeded; and to the last we answer, that we judge of poetry by no such absurd standard—on the contrary, the general course of our articles upon these subjects, has perhaps been guided by too great a fastidiousness of criticism. All we assert is, that Mr. Moore has gained an easy reputation; that it has cost him little labour to acquire it; though perhaps the work before us may prove that it will cost him some little trouble to maintain it.—With one exception, (the pieces published under the name of Little,) all Mr. Moore's original works (if they deserve a title which Ben Jonson did not think applicable even to dramatic compositions) have been accompanied by corresponding music, arranged either by himself or by some

* See what appeared on the trial of the cause, *Power v. Walker*, in the Court of King's Bench.

tasteful and popular composer; so that, allowing his songs much beauty and gracefulness, he has laid siege to our judgment with two forces at the same time, and neither the notes nor the words have had to depend merely upon their own merits.

When we have said, however, that Mr. Moore's songs have beauty and grace, we have said much in their praise, and perhaps rather more than they all deserve: they have certainly neither force nor dignity, although he has attempted both the one and the other; and there is frequently such a perversion of taste and deficiency of judgment, as we should scarcely have expected from a man of his elegant attainments. It is, however, the less needful to dwell upon the peculiarities or defects of Mr. Moore's style, because we have already pointed them out, as far as was necessary, in a previous number, where we criticized his *Sacred Melodies*.

It is necessary, however, here to advert to an opinion we then gave, and which is fully confirmed by the poem of *Lalla Rookh*, viz. that we doubted the complete success of Mr. Moore in a production more detailed and connected than those he had before attempted. He seems to have been of this opinion, and the widely-printed quarto on our table, instead of being one continued and systematic narrative, is ingeniously enough divided into four distinct stories, if so they may be called; he has also carefully interwoven such criticisms as would probably be made upon the work, and has artfully introduced them into the conversation of a ridiculous old courtier, in whose mouth they appear to lose all force and justice. This might be very fair as a joke, but as a piece of cunning it is unworthy of a man of the reputation of our author. Among these criticisms, is a reprehension of the eternal employment of images drawn from birds or flowers, which is undoubtedly well deserved; for before the end of the volume, we are ready, without affectation, "to die of a rose in aromatic pain," and our eyes are worn out by the dazzling plumage of eastern ornithology. The author has purposely placed his scene on a continent where he could indulge in all the gaudy splendour of art and nature, and he principally revels on the most luxuriant part of that continent, the valley of Cashmere: let his fable carry him where it will, it is only by hard constraint that he follows it, and the instant he can steal an opportunity, by a momentary pause in the relation, we find him again extended upon beds of roses, quaffing the delicious beverage of the climate, and

surrounded by the most seductive of the beauties of Circassia. Here Mr. Moore is in his glory—here his pen seems to run as freely as his goblet—while all the rest is effort and compulsion.

The prose introduction to this volume informs us, that Abdalla, king of Lesser Bucharra, on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Prophet, rested at Delhi, the capital of the Emperor Aurengzebe: he there negociated a marriage between his son and Lalla Rookh (translated *tulip-cheek*), the daughter of the Emperor, who is said to have exceeded all the beauties of the East. It was agreed that the parties should meet in the Valley of Cashmere, and that there the nuptials should be celebrated. The Princess accordingly commenced her pompous journey with all imaginary magnificence, under the conduct of an old officious courtier, called Fadladeen, an eastern Polonius, whom, by the following description, it seems pretty evident, the author had in his eye.

“ Fadladeen was a judge of every thing,—from the penciling of a Circassian's eye-lids to the deepest questions of science and literature; from the mixture of a conserve of rose-leaves to the composition of an epic poem: and such influence had his opinion upon the various tastes of the day, that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line of Sadi,—‘Should the Prince at noon-day say, It is night, declare that you behold the moon and stars.’—And his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector, was about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith, who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Jaghernaut.” (p. 4—5.)

During the first few days of her long journey, the Princess, who had been confined in her youth to the royal gardens, was delighted by the novel scenes through which the cavalcade passed; but she gradually became weary of them, as well of the diversions prepared for her every evening when she rested for the night.

“ But these and many other diversions were repeated till they lost all their charm, and the nights and noon-days were beginning to move heavily, when, at length, it was recollected that, among the attendants sent by the bridegroom, was a young poet of Cashmere, much celebrated throughout the Valley for his manner of reciting the Stories of the East, on whom his Royal Master had conferred the privilege of being admitted to the pavilion of the Princess, that he might help to beguile the tediousness of the journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. At the mention of a poet, Fadladeen elevated his critical eye-brows, and, having refreshed his faculties

with a dose of that delicious opium, which is distilled from the black poppy of the Thebais, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

"The Princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gauze in her Father's hall, and had conceived from that specimen no very favourable ideas of the Cast, expected but little in this new exhibition to interest her;—she felt inclined however to alter her opinion on the very first appearance of Feramorz. He was a youth about Lalla Rookh's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, Crishna,*—such as he appears to their young imaginations, heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes, and exalting the religion of his worshippers into love. His dress was simple, yet not without some marks of costliness, and the ladies of the Princess were not long in discovering that the cloth, which encircled his high Tartarian cap, was of the most delicate kind that the shawl-goats of Tibet supply. Here and there, too, over his vest, which was confined by a flowered girdle of Kashan, hung strings of fine pearl, disposed with an air of studied negligence;—nor did the exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics; who, however they might give way to Fadladeen upon the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirit of martyrs in every thing relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery." (p. 6—8.)

The first tale recited by Feramorz, is "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," which, we are told, means the region of the sun. The real history of this impostor is to be found in D'Herbelot: his original name, we are told, was Hakem, but Mokanna was that by which he was chiefly known, from some etymological allusion to the veil which he constantly wore to conceal the hideous deformity of his features, but pretending that it obscured a countenance, whose glorious radiance was such that human eye could not endure its splendour. Mokanna, at the period when this relation is supposed to begin, has collected under his standard and to his belief or worship, a vast number of the inhabitants of the East, and his principal purpose now is to draw into his snare Azim, a young warrior, who having gained a high reputation in war, had at length been made prisoner by the enemy, and detained for some years in confinement. Before his departure, he had loved and been beloved by Zelica, who is represented as surpassing all the assembled beauties of the haram of Mokanna: she had been informed by the prophet that the youth had fallen in battle, and she believes a story which seemed confirmed by his long absence. He,

* The Indian Apollo.

however, returns, and splendid preparations are made by Mokanna for his reception, who welcomes him publicly; while the ladies of the haram, among whom is Zelica, are ignorant that Azim was the expected warrior.

" But there was one, among the chosen maids,
Who blush'd behind the gallery's silken shades,
One, to whose soul the pageant of to-day
Has been like death;—you saw her pale dismay,
Ye wondering sisterhood, and heard the burst
Of exclamation from her lips, when first
She saw that youth, too well, too dearly known,
Silently kneeling at the Prophet's throne.

" Ah Zelica! there *was* a time, when bliss
Shone o'er thy heart from every look of his;
When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air
In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer!
When round him hung such a perpetual spell,
Whate'er he did, none ever did so well.
Too happy days! when, if he touch'd a flower
Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour;
When thou did'st study him, till every tone
And gesture and dear look became thy own,—
Thy voice like his, the changes of his face
In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,
Like echo, sending back sweet music, fraught
With twice th' aerial sweetness it had brought!
Yet now he comes—brighter than even he
E'er beam'd before,—but ah! not bright for thee;
No—dread, unlook'd for, like a visitant
From the other world, he comes as if to haunt
Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost delight,
Long lost to all but memory's aching sight:—
Sad dreams! as when the Spirit of our Youth
Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth
And innocence once ours, and leads us back,
In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track
Of our young life, and points out every ray
Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way!
Once happy pair!—in proud Bokhara's groves,
Who had not heard of their first youthful loves?
Born by that ancient flood,* which from its spring
In the Dark Mountains swiftly wandering,

* The Amoo, which rises in the Belur Tag, or Dark Mountains, and running nearly from east to west, splits into two branches, one of which falls into the Caspian sea, and the other into Aral Nahr, or the Lake of Eagles.

Enrich'd by every pilgrim brook that shines
 With relics from Bucharja's ruby mines,
 And, lending to the Caspian half its strength,
 In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at length ;—
 There, on the banks of that bright river born,
 The flowers, that hung above its wave at morn,
 Bless'd not the waters as they murmur'd by,
 With holier scent and lustre, than the sigh
 And virgin glance of first affection cast
 Upon their youth's smooth current, as it pass'd !
 But war disturb'd this vision—far away
 From her fond eyes, summon'd to join th' array
 Of Persia's warriors on the hills of Thrace,
 The youth exchang'd his sylvan dwelling-place
 For the rude tent and war-field's deathful clash ;
 His Zelica's sweet glances for the flash
 Of Grecian wild-fire, and Love's gentle chains
 For bleeding bondage on Byzantium's plains." (p. 19—22.)

We are subsequently told that the intellects of Zelica had been deranged by the absence and loss of her Azim, and that she had exchanged the fervour of love for the zeal of religion. She was the principal favourite of the Veiled Prophet, and was titled the Priestess of the Faith—a dreadful oath having been extracted from her, never to quit Mokanna, and to do her utmost to assist his plans against the happiness of mankind : for the purpose of this human fiend is, to make his species his sport, and, like Richard the Third, as described by Shakspeare, in the pride of his intellectual superiority, to make amends for the fearful hideousness of his appearance : his malignity arises only from this circumstance, and it affords another clue to unravel the causes of most of the vulgar instances of misanthropy.

Mokanna is overheard by Zelica, while soliloquizing on his dark designs, and she finds that she is to be the instrument of the destruction of her own lover ; and the following lines, forming part of the conference, conclude the first part of this poem.

" ' Yes, my sworn bride, let others seek in bowers
 Their bridal place—the charnel vault was ours !
 Instead of scents and balms, for thee and me
 Rose the rich steams of sweet mortality ;—
 Gay, flickering death-lights shone while we were wed,
 And, for our guests, a row of goodly Dead,
 (Immortal spirits in their time no doubt,)
 From reeking shrouds upon the rite look'd out !

That oath thou heardst more lips than thine repeat—
 That cup—thou shudderest, Lady—was it sweet?
 That cup we pledg'd, the charnel's choicest wine,
 Hath bound thee—aye—body and soul all mine!
 Bound thee by chains that, whether blest or curst
 No matter now, not hell itself shall burst!
 Hence, woman, to the Haram, and look gay,
 Look wild, look—any thing but sad; yet stay—
 One moment more—from what this night hath pass'd,
 I see thou know'st me, know'st me *well* at last.
 Ha! ha! and so, fond thing, thou thought'st all true,
 And that I love mankind!—I do, I do—
 As victims, love them; as the sea-dog dotes
 Upon the small, sweet fry that round him floats;
 Or, as the Nile-bird loves the slime that gives
 That rank and venomous food on which she lives!—

“ ‘And, now thou see'st my *soul's* angelic hue,
 'Tis time these *features* were uncurtain'd too;—
 This brow, whose light—oh rare, celestial light!
 Hath been reserv'd to bless thy favour'd sight;
 These dazzling eyes, before whose shrouded might
 Thou'st seen immortal Man kneel down and quake—
 Would that they *were* heaven's lightnings for his sake!
 But turn and look—then wonder, if thou wilt,
 That I should hate, should take revenge, by guilt,
 Upon the hand, whose mischief or whose mirth
 Sent me thus maim'd and monstrous upon earth;
 And on that race who, though more vile they be
 Than mowing apes, are demi-gods to me!
 Here—judge if Hell, with all its power to damn,
 Can add one curse to the foul thing I am!’

“ He rais'd his veil—the Maid turn'd slowly round,
 Look'd at him—shriek'd—and sunk upon the ground!”

(p. 45—47.)

The above portion of the story of the Veiled Prophet is the first night's recitation by Feramor, who renews on the following his strange relation. In order to accomplish the inveiglement of Azim, he is introduced into the illuminated halls and gardens of the Prophet, where every luxury and enjoyment is obtruded upon him.—Some of the admirers of Mr. Moore will perhaps say, as we have heard them, that he has here endeavoured to imitate Spenser in his description of the Gardens and the Bower of Bliss: for our own part, we see no resemblance; every thing in the work before us is artificial, and contrasted with the beauty and

simplicity of nature: it seems much more probable that our author, while writing this part of his poem, had in his mind Vauxhall Gardens, and the class of visitors by which it is not thinly scattered at about two or three o'clock in the morning. Azim retires into a dark walk, and meets with Zelica—

“ But ah! so pale—so chang'd—none but a lover
Could, in that wreck of beauty's shrine, discover
The once adored divinity!”—

He here renews the story of his love, which she could never be fatigued with hearing, and which for a time drives away melancholy recollections of what and whose she really was: she consents to fly with Azim.

“ Scarce had she said
These breathless words, when a voice deep and dread
As that of Monker, waking up the Dead
From their first sleep—so startling 'twas to both—
Rung through the casement near ‘Thy oath! thy oath!’
Oh Heav'n, the ghastliness of that Maid's look!—
‘Tis he,’ faintly she cried, while terror shook
Her inmost core, nor durst she lift her eyes,
Though through the casement, now, nought but the skies
And moon-light fields were seen, calm as before—
‘Tis he, and I am his—all, all is o'er—
Go—fly this instant, or thou'rt ruin'd too—
My oath, my oath, oh God! 'tis all too true,
True as the worm in this cold heart it is—
I am Mokanna's bride—his, Azim, his—
The Dead stood round us, while I spoke that vow,
Their blue lips echoed it—I hear them now!
Their eyes glar'd on me, while I pledg'd that bowl,
'Twas burning blood—I feel it in my soul!
And the Veil'd Bridegroom—hist! I've seen to-night
What angels know not of—so foul a sight,
So horrible—oh! never may'st thou see
What *there* lies hid from all but Hell and me!
But I must hence—off, off—I am not thine,
Nor Heav'n's, nor Love's, nor aught that is divine—
Hold me not—ha!—think'st thou the fiends that sever
Hearts, cannot sunder hands?—thus, then—for ever!”

“ With all that strength, which madness lends the weak,
She flung away his arm; and, with a shriek,
Whose sound, though he should linger out more years
Than wretch e'er told, can never leave his ears,—

Flew up through that long avenue of light,
Fleetly as some dark, ominous bird of night
Across the sun, and soon was out of sight!" (p. 80—82.)

This extract concludes another night's recitation. On the following evening, we are told that the Caliph has brought out his hosts to oppose the rebellious Mokanna, who was daily gathering strength in some of the provinces: an engagement ensues, and the Veiled Prophet is nearly victorious, when Azim appears, heads some cavalry against him, and turns the tide of battle. It is singular in this part of the narrative, to observe how carefully and judiciously Mr. Moore shuns any description of the conflict. Mokanna retires—but still continues to delude his followers, and to flatter his "unconquerable will" with the "study of revenge."

" Mokanna sees the world is his no more ;—
One sting at parting, and his grasp is o'er.
' What ! drooping now ?'—thus, with unblushing cheek,
He hails the few, who yet can hear him speak,
Of all those famish'd slaves, around him lying,
And by the light of blazing temples dying :—
' What ; drooping now ?—now, when at length we press
Home o'er the very threshold of success ;
When Alla from our ranks hath thinn'd away
Those grosser branches, that kept out his ray
Of favour from us, and we stand at length
Heirs of his light and children of his strength,
The chosen few, who shall survive the fall
Of Kings and Thrones, triumphant over all !
Have you then lost, weak murmurers as you are,
All faith in him, who was your Light, your Star ?
Have you forgot the eye of glory, hid
Beneath this Veil, the flashing of whose lid
Could, like a sun-stroke of the desert, wither
Millions of such as yonder Chief brings hither ?"

(p. 109—110.)

The whole of this address is spirited—at least, more so than many other parts of the poem where energy is required, but is absent. Finding himself still unsuccessful, he invites his few remaining adherents to a feast, and poisons them all, plunging himself into a bath of such corrosive compounds as destroyed every fibre of his frame. Zelica, however, possesses herself of his veil, puts it on, and meets the enemy, who, headed by Azim, had assaulted

the town where the prophet had taken refuge. Azim, mistaking Zelica for Mokanna, rushes forward and kills her.

“ ‘ I meant not, Azim,’ soothingly she said,
As on his trembling arm she lean’d her head,
And, looking in his face, saw anguish there
Beyond all wounds the quivering flesh can bear—
‘ I meant not *thou* should’st have the pain of this ;—
Though death, with thee thus tasted, is a bliss
Thou would’st not rob me of, did’st thou but know
How oft I’ve pray’d to God I might die so !
But the Fiends venom was too scant and slow ;—
To linger on were maddening—and I thought
If once that Veil—nay, look not on it—caught
The eyes of your fierce soldiery, I should be
Struck by a thousand death-darts instantly.
But this is sweeter—oh ! believe me, yes—
I would not change this sad, but dear caress,
This death within thy arms I would not give
For the most smiling life the happiest live !
All, that stood dark and drear before the eye
Of my stray’d soul, is passing swiftly by ;
A light comes o’er me from those looks of love,
Like the first dawn of mercy from above ;
And if thy lips but tell me I’m forgiven,
Angels will echo the blest words in heaven !” (p. 120—121.)

Azim retires into solitude, and feeds his fancy until old age arrives, with the vision of his Zelica. This is the winding-up of the first tale, in which the reader will discover an obvious imitation of a noble poet, whose name we have before mentioned—so obvious, that particular instances are unnecessary to point it out. It is successful to a certain extent ; but though the story is as horrid, and the character of Mokanna as disgusting as even the feverish and morbid imagination of Lord Byron could picture, we look in vain (as we have already intimated) for the fervid energy of his Lordship’s poetry.

The short prose description of the continuation of the journey of the Princess Lalla Rookh which follows, includes some very sagacious remarks by Fadladeen, which are a fair satire upon the common-place critics of our day ; but we have not space to do more than refer to them.

“ *Paradisè and the Peri*” is the entertainment of the next evening, and it is undoubtedly the least exceptionable of these separate productions. A *Peri* is an imaginary being, which in the eastern mythology answers to our fairies.

—at least, their qualities and properties in many respects are similar: they are for some cause supposed to be excluded from Paradise, and the poem before us treats of the mode by which they may “regain the blissful seat.” One of these beings is lamenting her lot at the gate of Eden, when her complaint is heard by the Angel there stationed.

“ The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light beheld her weeping,
And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
Within his eye-lids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flow'r, which—Bramins say—
Blooms no where but in Paradise !
‘ Nymph of a fair, but erring line !
Gently he said—‘ One hope is thine.
‘ ’Tis written in the Book of Fate,
*The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this Eternal Gate
The Gift that is most dear to Heaven !*
Go seek it, and redeem thy sin ;—
’Tis sweet to let the Pardon'd in ! ” (p. 134—135.)

The Peri wings her way, and passes over a field of battle, where liberty and tyranny had contended; the former is vanquished, though struggling against invasion; and the Peri takes the last drop that trickles from the heart of the last of those who struggled for independence, and flies with it to Eden's entrance.

“ ‘ Sweet,’ said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
‘ Sweet is our welcome of the Brave
Who die thus for their native Land.—
But see—alas!—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than ev'n this drop the boon must be,
That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee ! ” (p. 140.)

The disappointed Peri again takes wing, and arrives at a city visited by the plague: a young man, blasted by the infection, has retired to die alone; his mistress here follows, and embraces him.

“ But see,—who yonder comes by stealth,
This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek ?

'Tis she—far off, through moonlight dim,
 He knew his own betrothed bride,
 She, who would rather die with him,
 Than live to gain the world beside!—
 Her arms are round her lover now,
 His livid cheek to hers she presses,
 And dips, to bind his burning brow,
 In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.
 Ah! once, how little did he think
 An hour would come, when he should shrink
 With horror from that dear embrace,
 Those gentle arms, that were to him
 Holy as is the cradling place
 Of Eden's infant cherubim!
 And now he yields—now turns away,
 Shuddering as if the venom lay
 All in those proffer'd lips alone—
 Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
 Never until that instant came
 Near his unask'd or without shame.
 ' Oh! let me only breathe the air,
 The blessed air, that's breath'd by thee,
 And, whether on its wings it bear
 Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
 There,—drink my tears, while yet they fall,—
 Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
 And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
 To give thy brow one minute's calm.
 Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
 Am I not thine—thy own lov'd bride—
 The one, the chosen one, whose place,
 In life or death is by thy side!
 Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
 In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
 Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
 That must be hers, when thou art gone?
 That I can live, and let thee go,
 Who art my life itself?—No, no—
 When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
 Out of its heart must perish too!
 Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
 Before like thee I fade and burn;
 Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
 The last pure life that lingers there!
 She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
 In charnel airs or cavern-damp,
 So quickly do his baleful sighs
 Quench all the sweet light of her eyes!

One struggle—and his pain is past—
Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!" (p. 146—148.)

The Peri catches her last sigh, and speeds to Paradise, but is again unsuccessful: with weary wing and heavy heart, she again leaves the gate, and observes an assassin arrested in his progress to his bloody work, by seeing a child innocently disporting with the emblems of innocence, frailty, and beauty—flowers. The signal for prayers is given, and the child begins its worship to the Creator: the assassin repents his meditated crime, and drops a tear, which the Peri instantly secures, and arriving in haste at the portal of Paradise is received with joy.

" ' Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
The gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!
Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—
To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,
And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad!
" Farewel, ye odours of Earth, that die,
Passing away like a lover's sigh;—
My feast is now of the Tooba Tree,
Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!
" ' Farewel ye vanishing flowers, that shone
In my fairy wreath so bright and brief,—
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
To the lote tree, springing by Alla's Throne,
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!
Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—
The gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!" (p. 159—160.)

Fadladeen, when the piece is finished, again commences his criticisms, insisting that such flimsy manufactures were unworthy of the name of poetry: true—it is not the best; but we apprehend that such elegant and airy performances are the best adapted to the talents of our author.

The third piece, called "The Fire-Worshippers," is founded upon the persecutions endured by the Persians for their adherence to the faith of their ancestors, the adoration of the sun. The country of the Fire-worshippers, called Iran, is invaded by Al Hassan with a fierce body of Arabians: Al Hassan brings with him his daughter Hinda, (of course as beautiful as the author could paint her,) who is beloved by Hafed, the leader of the Fire-worshippers;

she receives his secret visits without knowing his name, or any circumstance connected with his history. Whether this is, or is not probable, is not a matter of much consequence. The fable depends solely upon the misfortunes of these lovers, and as the mode in which it is related is very similar to the style of the Veiled Prophet, we shall not enter at all minutely into the particulars—The retreat of Hafed and his hardy, but, small band of followers, is betrayed to the enemy. Hinda is sent home by her father in a vessel which is taken by the Ghebers, or Fire-worshippers, and she there finds that her unknown lover is Hafed. In the mean time, the hold of the Fire-worshippers, on the side of a mountain, at the top of which is one of their temples, is assaulted: Hinda is again shipped off by them for better preservation; and while she is at sea, Hafed and his troops defend their hold, but are unable to resist the torrent of their foes. Hafed and one friend, both weak and wounded, gain nearly the summit of the hill, when the friend faints; Hafed, with a last exertion, carries the body to a pile of aromatic wood, places it upon it, lights the pyre, and dies in the flames. At this moment, Hinda has proceeded but a short distance from land.

“ But see—what moves upon the height ?
Some signal !—’tis a torch’s light.

What bodes its solitary glare ?

In gasping silence tow’rd the shrine

All eyes are turn’d—thine, Hinda, thine

Fix their last failing life-beams there.

’Twas but a moment—fierce and high

The death-pile blaz’d into the sky,

And far away o’er rock and flood

Its melancholy radiance sent ;

While Hafed, like a vision, stood

Reveal’d before the burning pyre,

Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire

Shrin’d in its own grand element !

‘ ’Tis he ! ’ the shuddering maid exclaims,—

But, while she speaks, he’s seen no more ;

High-burst in air the funeral flames,

And Iran’s hopes and hers are o’er !

“ One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave—

Then sprung, as if to reach that blaze,

Where still she fix’d her dying gaze,

And, gazing, sunk into the wave,—

Deep, deep,—where never care or pain

Shall reach her innocent heart again !” (283—284.)

We confess that both this production and the Veiled Prophet gave us but little pleasure in the perusal: the incidents are on the outward verge of romance, and are scarcely within the widest limits of possibility, and the stories are too shocking to afford any gratification on reflection: the mind revolts from them, as the body would turn away from the exhibitions of a charnel-house. This objection cannot be made to the second, nor is it applicable to the last recitation of Feramorz, before the conclusion of the journey of the Princess to Cashmere.

"The Light of the Haram" opens with a gay description of the Feast of Roses, as celebrated in the Valley of Cashmere, to which Selim, son of the great Acbar, retired with his "only beloved" Nourmahal, disgusted with the "tedious pomp that waits on princes." Nourmahal is thus gracefully described in the measure of which Mr. Moore is particularly fond.

"There's a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,
Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer day's light,
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour.
This *was* not the beauty—oh! nothing like this,
That to young Nourmahal gave such magic of bliss;
But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,
Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
From the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes,
Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint has of Heav'n in his dreams!
When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,
That charm of all others, was born with her face;
And when angry,—for ev'n in the tranquildest climes
Light breezes will ruffle the flowers sometimes—
The short, passing anger but seem'd to awaken
New beauty, like flow'rs that are sweetest when shaken.
If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings!
'Then her mirth—oh! 'twas sportive as ever took wing
From the heart with a burst, like the wild-bird in spring;—
Illum'd by a wit that would fascinate sages,
Yet playful as Peris just loos'd from their cages.*

* In the wars of the Dives with the Peris; whenever the former took the latter prisoners, * they shut them up in iron cages, and hung them on the highest trees. Here they were visited by their companions, who brought them the choicest odours.'—*Richardson*."

While her laugh, full of life, without any controul
 But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul;
 And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
 In lip, cheek or eyes, for she brighten'd all over,—
 Like any fair lake that the breeze is upou,
 When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.
 Such, such were the peerless enchantments, that gave
 Nourmahal the proud Lord of the East for her slave;
 And though bright was his Haram,—a living parterre
 Of the flow'rs* of this planet—though treasures were there,
 For which Soliman's self might have giv'n all the store
 That the navy from Ophir e'er wing'd to his shore,
 Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of them all,
 And the Light of his Haram was young Nourmahal."

(p. 302—304.)

It appears, however, at this Feast of Roses, that some slight and nameless cause of difference had arisen between the two lovers, and Nourmahal is absent from the feast, her only companion being Namouna the enchantress—

" —————one

O'er whom his race the golden sun
 For unremembered years has run,
 Yet never saw her blooming brow
 Younger or fairer than 'tis now. * * *

" All spells and talismans she knew,
 From the great Mantra,† which around
 The Air's sublimer Spirits drew,
 To the gold gems‡ of Afric, bound
 Upon the wandering Arab's arm,
 To keep him from the Siltim's§ harm.
 And she had pledg'd her powerful art,
 Pledg'd it with all the zeal and heart,
 Of one who knew, though high her sphere,
 What 'twas to lose a love so dear,
 To find some spell that should recall
 Her Selim's|| smile to Nourmahal!

" 'Twas midnight—through the lattice, wreath'd
 With woodbine, many a perfume breath'd

* "In the Malay language the same word signifies women and flowers."

† "He is said to have found the great *Mantra*, spell or talisman, through which he ruled over the elements and spirits of all denominations."—*Wilford*.

‡ "The gold jewels of Jennie, which are called by the Arabs *El Herrez*, from the supposed charm they contain."—*Jackson*."

§ "A demon, supposed to hunt woods, &c. in a human shape."—*Richardson*."

|| "The name of Jehangire before his accession to the throne."

From plants that wake when others sleep,
 From timid jasmine buds, that keep
 Their odour to themselves all day,
 But, when the sun-light dies away,
 Let the delicious secret out
 To every breeze that roams about ;—
 When thus Namouna :—' 'Tis the hour
 That scatters spells on herb and flower,
 And garlands might be gather'd now,
 That, twin'd around the sleeper's brow,
 Would make him dream of such delights,
 Such miracles and dazzling sights
 As Genii of the Sun behold,
 At evening, from their tents of gold
 Upon the' horizon—where they play
 'Till twilight comes, and, ray by ray,
 The sunny mansions melt away !
 Now too, a chaplet might be wreath'd
 Of buds o'er which the moon has breath'd,
 Which worn by her, whose love has stray'd,
 Might bring some Peri from the skies,
 Some sprite, whose very soul is made
 Of flowrets' breaths and lovers' sighs,
 And who might tell——'

“ ‘ For me, for me,’

Cried Nourmahal impatiently,—

‘ Oh ! twine that wreath for me to-night.’ ” (p. 309—311.)

Nourmahal gathers the flowers, which are minutely, and we may say, beautifully described by our author, and the enchantress twines the wreath, singing at the same time a song to fix the charm. Nourmahal puts it on, and falling asleep, has a vision of a heavenly spirit, who informs her that music must be resorted to, to recal the love of Selim.

“ From Chindara's* warbling fount I come,
 Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell ;
 From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,
 Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.
 Where lutes in the air are heard about,
 And voices are singing the whole day long,
 And every sigh the heart breathes out
 Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song !
 Hither I come
 From my fairy home,

* “ ‘ A fabulous fountain, where instruments are said to be constantly playing.’—*Richardson*.”

And if there's magic in Music's strain,
 I swear by the breath
 Of that moonlight wreath,
 Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.
 For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
 And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
 That fall as soft as snow upon the sea,
 And melt in the heart as instantly !
 And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
 Refines the bosom it trembles through,
 As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
 Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too !

" Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway
 The Spirits of past Delight obey ;
 Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
 And they come, like Genii, hovering round.
 And mine is the gentle song, that bears
 From soul to soul, the wishes of love,
 As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
 The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.*

" 'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
 The past, the present, and future of pleasure ;
 When Memory links the tone that is gone
 With the blissful tone that's still in the ear ;
 And Hope from a heavenly note flies on
 To a note more heavenly still that is near !

" The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,
 Can as downy soft and as yielding be
 As his own white plume, that high amid death
 Through the field has shone—yet moves with a breath.
 And, oh how the eyes of Beauty glisten,
 When music has reach'd her inward soul,
 Like the silent stars, that wink and listen
 While Heav'n's eternal melodies roll !
 So, hither I come
 From my fairy home,
 And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
 I swear by the breath
 Of that moonlight wreath,
 Thy Lover shall sigh at thy feet again." (p. 317—319.)

Nourmahal in consequence, disguised as an Arabian maid, presents herself at an entertainment given by Selim,

* "The Pompadour pigeon is the species, which, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great disseminator of this valuable tree."—V. *Brown's Illustr. Tab.* 19."

where, after other music, she begins singing to the musical instrument she carried, and to a divine responsiveness from unseen beings in the air. We are sorry that the verses she utters are worse than those of any of the other musicians; but as they are represented to have produced so important an effect, we cannot refuse to insert them.

" Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But oh! the choice what heart can doubt
Of tents with love, or thrones without?

" Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor lov'd the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

" Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs
As o'er the marble courts of Kings.

" Then come—thy Arab maid will be
The lov'd and lone acacia-tree,
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

" Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,—
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;

" As if the very lips and eyes
Predestin'd to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

" So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breath'd and shone;
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if lov'd for years!

" Then fly with me,—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

" Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.*

* The Hudhud, or Lapwing, is supposed to have the power of discovering water under ground.

- " But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipp'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place ;—
- " Then, fare thee well—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine !" (p. 331—333.)

Selim is reconciled to Nourmahal, and the happiness of both is restored.

These are the relations with which the Princess is amused on her journey, and she gradually becomes enamoured of the young poet, which does not seem to escape the keen observation of old Fadladeen, who grows extremely rancorous in his censures of the effusions of Feramorz. The cavalcade arrives at the place of its destination, and magnificent preparations are made for the marriage, all which are detailed in prose. The volume is concluded in these terms :—

" They had now entered the canal which leads from the Lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shalimar, and glided on through gardens ascending from each bank, full of flowering shrubs that made the air all perfume ; while from the middle of the canal rose jets of water, smooth and unbroken, to such a dazzling height, that they stood like pillars of diamond in the sunshine. After sailing under the arches of various saloons, they at length arrived at the last and most magnificent, where the monarch awaited the coming of his bride ; and such was the agitation of her heart and frame, that it was with difficulty she walked up the marble steps, which were covered with cloth of gold for her ascent from the barge. At the end of the hall stood two thrones, as precious as the Cerulean Throne of Koolburga, on one of which sat Aliris, the youthful King of Bucharía, and on the other was, in a few minutes, to be placed the most beautiful Princess in the world. Immediately upon the entrance of Lalla Rookh into the saloon, the monarch descended from his throne to meet her ; but scarcely had he time to take her hand in his, when she screamed with surprise and fainted at his feet. It was Feramorz himself that stood before her !—Feramorz was, himself, the Sovereign of Bucharía, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and, having won her love as an humble minstrel, now amply deserved to enjoy it as a King.

" The consternation of Fadladeen at this discovery was, for the moment, almost pitiable. But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in courts for this experienced courtier not to have learned to avail himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course, recanted instantly ; he was seized with an admiration of the King's verses, as

unbounded as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested; and the following week saw him in possession of an additional place, swearing by all the Saints of Islam that never had there existed so great a poet as the Monarch, Aliris, and ready to prescribe his favourite regimen of the Chabuk for every man, woman, and child that dared to think otherwise.

"Of the happiness of the King and Queen of Bucharia, after such a beginning, there can be but little doubt; and, among the lesser symptoms, it is recorded of Lalla Rookh, that, to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the King by any other name than Feramorz." (p. 343—345.)

It happens with us now, as it often must happen, that we have extended our review of this work already to such a length, that no space is left for particular criticism. It will be observed that the verse is generally harmonious, and skilfully chosen; for there is no living poet who has had greater practice, or possesses more skill in the lyrical measures of the English language, than Mr. Moore.

A profusion of affected and unnatural similes is the chief minor fault to be pointed out: now and then, indeed, they are extremely happy, and those we should have been sorry indeed to have found omitted, even accompanied, as they are, by others far less admirable.

ART. III.—*A Lay Sermon, addressed to the Higher and Middling Classes, on the existing Distresses and Discontents.* By S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq. 8vo. pp. 134. London, Gale and Fenner, 1817.

MR. COLERIDGE'S second lay sermon answers its title much better than the first. A discourse which professes expressly either to proceed from one of the people, or to be addressed to certain classes of the people, ought to be popular in its style and tendency; and Mr. C. has perhaps in this respect succeeded quite as well as could be expected from him: indeed he has had the strongest inducement in a polemical spirit, which has thrown unusual animation over a discussion in which religion and political economy are singularly blended together. We do not mean to reproach the author with such a treatment of his subject. His theme was the distresses and discontents of the times. These may certainly be considered religiously—that is, they may be contemplated under the impressions which religion imparts, either as themselves entering into the scheme of divine providence in their origin, or as calling for the exercise of

religious duties in their consequences; and at the same time, as far as it is of importance to understand their immediate causes and probable effects, it is not incongruous to introduce considerations of merely human prudence and experimental science.

The sermon opens with vehement declamations, enriched with the emphatic phraseology and solemn denunciations of the Hebrew prophets, against the factious demagogues—"deceivers of the people"—"the vile," who "will talk villany"—in a word, that whole class of politicians who, either from weakness of judgment, or perversity of will, misrepresent the causes of the present discontents, and in their expositions of those causes, are eager to irritate, instead of appeasing, the public mind. We should have been better pleased with Mr. Coleridge's exertions, if he could have corrected this error, without at the same time imbibing its spirit; and while he reproached his adversaries with narrow views, had been careful to guard against recrimination.

That the peace, which was so ardently desired by all benevolent men, was the immediate occasion of so much national distress, is a fact equally undeniable and humiliating, as an evidence of the short-sightedness even of the wise; and though the opponents of the war of 1793 may, if the triumph in their own sagacity delights them, urge with truth, that without that war the subsequent reverse could not have occurred; yet it is certain that the prophetic spirit was given to them as little as to their adversaries. The whole series of wonderful events during the last twenty-eight years were without a parallel in history, and each successive revolution, from the first abolition of monarchy in France in 1793, to the final restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, (if the word *final* may yet be safely employed,) utterly unforeseen; and this conviction ought to assuage the heat of political contests. Our author having before pointed out the temporary prosperity produced by the war, thus remarks on the mischief attending the imputing false causes for the acknowledged distresses of the times.

"That the depression began *with* the Peace would have been of itself a sufficient proof with the Many, that it arose *from* the Peace. But this opinion suited ill with the purposes of sedition. The truth, that could not be precluded, must be removed; and "*when the needy speaketh aright*" the more urgent occasion is there for the "*wicked device*" and the "*lying words*." Where distress is felt,

tales of wrong and oppression are readily believed, to the sufferer's own disquiet. Rage and Revenge make the cheek pale and the hand tremble, worse than even want itself: and the cup of sorrow overflows by being held unsteadily. On the other hand nothing calms the mind in the hour of bitterness so efficaciously as the conviction that it was not within the means of those above us, or around us, to have prevented it. An influence, mightier than fascination, dwells in the stern eye of Necessity, when it is fixed steadily on a man: for together with the *power* of resistance it takes away its agitations likewise. This is one mercy that always accompanies the visitations of the Almighty when they are received *as such*. If therefore the sufferings of the lower classes are to supply air and fuel to their passions, and are to be perverted into instruments of mischief, they must be attributed to causes that can be represented as removeable; either to individuals who had been previously rendered unpopular, or to whole classes of men, according as the immediate object of their seducers may require." (p. 36—38.)

Having treated of the immediate occasions of the existing distress, Mr. C. resolves the "true seat and sources" of it into the "overbalance of the commercial spirit, in consequence of the absence or weakness of the counter-weights." Among these counter-weights, he mentions the "ancient feeling of rank and ancestry," which he opposes as a counterpoise "to the grosser superstition for wealth." He next adverts to the neglect of austerer studies—in other words, ancient metaphysics: with this subject he connects the influence of religion, and introduces some observations on the union of philosophy and religion, which we anticipate will not be relished by either the pious or the speculative, though Mr. C. has done his utmost to flatter the orthodox, by inserting a very bitter and scornful note against Unitarianism. But, notwithstanding Mr. Coleridge's extreme contempt for the rational Christians, he seems to consider religion alone, unallied to philosophy, as an inefficient protection against the worldly spirit.

"My argument is confined to the question, whether Religion in its present state and under the present conceptions of its demands and purposes does, even among the most religious, exert any efficient force of controul over the commercial spirit, the excess of which we have attributed not to the extent and magnitude of the commerce itself, but to the absence or imperfection of its appointed checks and counteragents. Now as the system of the Friends in its first intention is of all others the most hostile to worldly-mindedness on the one hand; and as, on the other, the adherents of this system both in confession and *practice* confine Christianity to feelings and motives; they may be selected as representatives of the strict, but

unstudied and uninquiring, Religionists of every denomination. Their characteristic propensities will supply, therefore, no unfair test for the degree of resistance, which our present Christianity is capable of opposing to the cupidity of a trading people. That species of Christianity I mean, which, as far as knowledge and the faculties of thought are concerned,—which, as far as the growth and grandeur of the *intellectual* man is in question—is to be learnt extempore! A Christianity poured in on the Catechumen all and all at once, as from a shower-bath: and which, whatever it may be in the heart, yet for the understanding and reason is from boyhood onward a thing past and perfected! If the almost universal opinion be tolerably correct, the question is answered. But I by no means *appropriate* the remark to the wealthy Quakers, or even apply it to them in any particular or eminent sense, when I say, that often as the motley reflexes of my experience move in long procession of manifold groups before me, the distinguished and world-honored company of Christian Mammonists appear to the eye of my imagination as a drove of camels heavily laden, yet all at full speed, and each in the confident expectation of passing through the EYE OF THE NEEDLE, without stop or halt, both beast and baggage." . . . "The Religion here spoken of, having long since parted company with that inquisitive and bookish Theology which tends to defraud the student of his worldly wisdom, inasmuch as it diverts his mind from the accumulation of wealth by pre-occupying his thoughts in the acquisition of knowledge. For the Religion of best repute among us holds all the truths of Scripture and all the doctrines of Christianity so very transcendent, or so very easy, as to make study and research either vain or needless. It professes, therefore, to hunger and thirst after Righteousness alone, and the rewards of the Righteous; and thus habitually *taken for granted* all truths of spiritual import leaves the understanding vacant and at leisure for a thorough insight into present and temporal interests: which, doubtless, is the true reason why its followers are in general such shrewd, knowing, wary, well-informed, thrifty and thriving men of business. But this is likewise the reason, why it neither does or can check or circumscribe the Spirit of Barter." (p. 76—83.)

It would not be fair to our author, were we thus to point out his skill and alacrity in exposing what he deems the erroneous systems, if we were not to state the system or sect to which he professes to belong. The objects of his admiration, then, are the divines of the seventeenth century.

"It is well known, and has been observed of old, that Poetry tends to render its devotees careless of money and outward appearances, while Philosophy inspires a contempt of both as objects of Desire and Admiration. But Religion is the Poetry and Philosophy of all mankind; unites in itself whatever is most excellent in either,

and while it at one and the same time calls into action and supplies with the noblest materials both the imaginative and the intellectual faculties, superadds the interests of the most substantial and home-felt reality to both, to the poetic vision and the philosophic idea. But in order to produce a similar effect it must act in a similar way; it must reign in the thoughts of a man and in the powers akin to thought, as well as exercise an admitted influence over his hopes and fears, and through these on his deliberate and individual acts.

"Now as my first presumptive proof of a difference (I might almost have said, of a contrast) between the religious character of the period since the Revolution, and that of the period from the accession of Edward the Sixth to the abdication of the second James, I refer to the Sermons and to the theological Works generally, of the latter period. It is my full conviction, that in any half dozen Sermons of Dr. Donne, or Jeremy Taylor, there are more thoughts, more facts and images, more excitements to inquiry and intellectual effort, than are presented to the congregations of the present day in as many churches or meetings during twice as many months. Yet both these were the most popular preachers of their times, were heard with enthusiasm by crowded and promiscuous audiences, and the effect produced by their eloquence was held in reverential and affectionate remembrance by many attendants on their ministry, who, like the pious Isaac Walton, were not themselves men of learning or education." (p. 87—89.)

Mr. C. next discusses the nature of the commercial spirit, and with great earnestness and effect comments on the evils produced by the gambling habits fostered by commerce, and the calamitous consequences of commercial failures.

"We shall perhaps be told too, that the very Evils of this System, even the periodical *crash* itself, are to be regarded but as so much superfluous steam ejected by the escape pipes and safety valves of a self-regulating machine: and lastly, that in a free and trading country *all things find their level*." . . . "But Persons are not *Things*—but Man does not find his level. Neither in body nor in soul does the Man find his level! After a hard and calamitous season, during which the thousand wheels of some vast manufactory had remained silent as a frozen water-fall, be it that plenty has returned and that trade has once more become brisk and stirring: go, ask the overseer, and question the parish doctor, whether the workman's health and temperance with the staid and respectful manners best taught by the inward dignity of conscious self-support, have found *their level* again! Alas! I have more than once seen a group of children in Dorsetshire, during the heat of the dog-days, each with its little shoulders up to its ears, and its chest pinched inward, the very habit and *fixtures*, as it were, that had been impressed on their frames by the former ill-fed, ill-clothed, and unfuelled winters. But as with the body, so or still worse with the mind. Nor is the

effect confined to the labouring classes, whom by an ominous but too appropriate a change in our phrasology we are now accustomed to call the Laboring Poor. I cannot persuade myself, that the frequency of Failures with all the disgraceful secrets of Fraud and Folly, of unprincipled Vanity in expending and desperate Speculation in retrieving, can be familiarized to the thoughts and experience of Men, as matters of daily occurrence, without serious injury to the Moral Sense: more especially in times when Bankruptcies spread, like a fever, at once contagious and epidemic; swift too as the travel of a Earthquake, that with one and the same chain of Shocks opens the ruinous chasm in cities that have an ocean between them!" (p. 109—102.)

The introduction of commercial principles into the management of land, is eloquently and justly inveighed against; and certainly a more deplorable evil could not well be conceived, than the principle of considering the labour of the peasantry as a marketable commodity; like any merchant's wares, to be the subject of profit, without any reference to the welfare of the labourer himself.

We have no room for further extracts.—Our readers will have observed that our author has discussed certain topics with an impartiality that is a pledge for the integrity and purity of his principles; though on matters of party politics and polemical divinity, he has betrayed an intemperance of feeling and expression, which the more immediate objects of his attack will perhaps be the most ready to overlook and excuse.

ART. IV.—*Some Philological Remarks concerning Beauty.*
By DAVID PRENTICE. Glasgow, 1817.

THE object proposed in this tract, was not to explain what Beauty is, but, as the title would imply, what is the meaning of the term Beauty. Logicians take a distinction between the word and the thing; but sometimes the matters signified are so intimately connected with their signs in speech and writing, that the exposition of the latter necessarily involves the consideration of the former. Such will be found to be the circumstances in which the author of these remarks was placed, and we are not sorry that he was so, because he has, in consequence of it, afforded us much interesting and tasteful illustration, of which we should have been deprived under a dry and insulated inquiry into the mere origin of the term beauty, and its pro-

gress and history as simply connected with the pursuits of the philological student.

Mr. Prentice has been enabled to compress his subject into a small compass, by apprizing the reader, that before he undertakes the examination of this work, he should be prepared by the knowledge of the philological writings of Horne Tooke and Mr. Stewart, and by an acquaintance with the doctrine of the association of ideas, as it is explained by Hartley and his followers. Through the means of a reference to these respectable authorities, the writer is spared much preliminary explanation, which would have been otherwise necessary to have rendered his observations intelligible.

The term beauty is here defined as denoting excellence in objects that please the eye or ear, by organical impression or associated emotion. The radical meaning, he says, is simply that which pleases; but by custom it has ceased to refer to things gross or common.

It is familiar to all inquirers on this subject, that some disputants have extended the word to include all that pleases, while others have restricted it to objects of sight, either within view, acting on the memory, or affecting the imagination. Whatever may be the opinion as to life, the qualities of inanimate matter to which we apply the term beauty, is either sound, colour, form, or motion, and these devolve strictly within the limitation of our author; as in the first, the organ of hearing, and in the other three, the organ of sight, are exclusively concerned.

Mr. Prentice objects to the conjecture hazarded by Mr. Stewart, that beauty was originally applied to colour, and that it is only by successive changes that it has been enlarged to its present construction.

In speaking of the derivation of the Greek term ΚΑΛΟΝ, he supposes it to signify *quod mulcet*, presuming that it is derived from ΚΥΛΕΙΝ, *mulcere*. We cannot imagine why Mr. Prentice has hazarded this conjecture, not justified by the orthography: we conceive ΚΑΛΟΣ is itself a radical, and so it is considered by the popular lexicographers.

Our author observes, in illustration of his subject,—

“ The English words that may be used for beautiful, import high approbation: as fine, elegant, sweet, neat, shining, heavenly, exquisite, admirable, excellent. By the use of such terms, all the reasonings may be expressed that concern Beauty. The want of the appropriate word would only compel us to use explanatory phrases to limit the more general term.

" Excellence infers infrequency; and what is beautiful, elicits a warmer glow of delight than what is merely new. Novelty excites agreeable surprise, but Beauty excites agreeable surprise blended with exultation in the excellence of the object; and when the excellence relates to Mental Energy or Grandeur, there arises the enthusiastic emotion of Sublimity. Novelty may be supposed to stand in some such relation to Beauty, as the naked drawing of a flower does to the finished picture; and Beauty to Sublimity, as a flower picture to an historical painting.

" *Taste* is the faculty of promptly perceiving excellence in things grateful to the eye or ear; Skill in determining whether any particular object possesses Beauty. In its first metaphorical acceptation, it signifies relish, or liking in general; and its meaning, in the next stage, is modified to a relish for excellence in objects which delight the finer senses.

" It follows from the definition, that a knowledge of beauty is equivalent to a knowledge of all that is elevated in nature or art, and that comparison is implied in every decision of Taste. 'No man,' says Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'can judge whether an animal is beautiful in its kind, who has seen only one of the species. To distinguish beauty, implies the having seen many individuals.'—'A comprehensive and critical knowledge of the works of Nature is the only source of beauty or grandeur.'

" 'It is from difference in knowledge,' says Burke, 'that what we commonly call a difference in taste proceeds.'

" 'A fine taste,' according to Hume, 'is in some measure the same as strong sense.'—'The same address and dexterity which practice gives to the execution of any work, is also acquired by the same means in judging of it.' (p. 4—8.)

From the discussion of the term beauty, the author is led to the consideration of taste, or the rule by which reconciliation is attempted among the opposing sentiments of individuals and nations.

" There is more uniformity in the taste of mankind concerning natural objects than concerning natural productions; because the means of comparison are more constant and obvious. Here the pre-eminence of an enlightened man not so much lies in perceiving excellence unknown to the vulgar, as in enjoying it much more, and in tracing in it habitually the might and goodness of the Creator.

" Architecture is the simplest of the fine arts. The proportions that please most are fixed in the exquisite models of former ages. By referring to these and to convenience, taste in this art is soon acquired.

" In gaining a knowledge of painting, a man may be supposed to have delight on the following occasions:—1st, The rudest imitation; 2d, Rude imitation, with glaring and incongruous colours; 3d, Imitation and colouring in some sort agreeable to Nature; 4th, Mecha-

nical accuracy in both; 5th, Excellent execution and just expression of emotion. The last alone is beautiful. If we fancy a man in this stage discoursing with one in the third, we shall gain a conception of what is called difference of taste." (p. 17—18.)

He next considers the attainment of taste in literary composition, which he deems to be still more difficult than in painting, and proceeds to its acquisition in music.

" Though Music be in no slight degree susceptible of expression and execution, there are necessary for its perfection no qualifications beyond warmth of feeling and technical dexterity. The intense delight conveyed by expressive music is not easily explained. A song merely recited, or an air unsustained by impassioned language, wakes such pleasure as is consistent with the general tenor of the fine arts; but when the song and the air are conjoined, the effect is so prodigiously augmented, as to make the reasoner pause in endeavouring to account for the rapture. In no other instance does the organical pleasure rouse to such extasy the associated feelings. The principal reason seems to be, that while the ear is soothed with the harmony, the imagination is kept abiding on the emotion, and thus acquires a variety of kindred sentiments, for which leisure would not have been afforded by the appropriate and energetic recitation of the poem. Of the musical ear no explanation whatever can be offered. It is altogether anomalous. Men of the most ardent passions, genius, and judgment, frequently want it; while it is sometimes possessed by young children. The emotions with which music is concerned are all pleasing; and it is accidental association alone that has appropriated particular airs to particular affections. Love, however, is its darling emotion; and the expressive music of the Italians is altogether devoted to this dictator of the heart." (p. 21—23.)

The following remarks appear to us to be extremely judicious; and the concluding paragraph is as worthy of commendation for its religion and morality, as for the sound and enlightened judgment by which it is dictated.

" It is not without reason that D'Alembert, after mistakenly imagining that in taste it is the part of judgment to put pleasure to the question, makes the supplemental supposition of some one exclaiming ' Quelle triste occupation de chicaner ainsi avec son propre plaisir! ' It must be very sad quibbling, to be sure!—but the philosopher comforts us with this assurance, that though ' nos lumieres sont presque toujours aux depens de nos plaisirs,' yet they afford compensation, because ' elles flattent en meme tems notre vanité.' I should hardly have looked for a repetition of such a sentiment in Burke:—' Almost the only pleasure,' says the author of the *Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful*, ' that men have in judging better than others, consists in a sort of conscious pride and superiority

which arises from thinking rightly.' We shall be able to estimate the force of this proposition, if we imagine an exquisite judge, as Burke was, of female beauty, gazing on the finest woman at St. James's, and ascribing his sensations of delight to his own merit as a critic.*

"But would such a judge, it may be asked, in such a place be more enraptured than a farmer at a country wedding? There can be no doubt that he would be much more. The question is not, as Burke has put it, between a boy and a man, but between an ignorant and an enlightened man. We must not say that knowledge impairs our gratifications, because it is incapable of stopping the progress of nature, and of giving to age the buoyancy of youth.

"But it is unnecessary to discuss the question whether knowledge lessens our felicity. It is absurd. God has given the power of imparting pleasure to every new thing presented to the mind. As we ascend in knowledge, the range of enjoyment opens around us; and, as the more obvious beauties become familiar, we penetrate to those that are more refined. Even in objects merely fitted to please the senses, knowledge augments gratification; since it enables us to obtain those that are most excellent, and to give them the most forceful application. The more the productions of Nature are under our power, the more extensive become our means of happiness, and the better we are enabled to select proper subjects for attention; as the bee, with all the vegetable world in its eye, lights only on honied flowers.—Madame de Stael was a better philosopher than D'Alembert, when she observed, that 'An enlarged understanding, and the character and ideas which are termed philosophic, are as necessary to the charm, the independence, and comfort of private life, as they can possibly be to the splendour of any station or career in the world.'" (p. 29—32.)

On the whole, we may recommend this little production to the perusal of those students who are sufficiently prepared to enter into the nice distinctions of beauty and taste, and if it will not afford them any standard either for the one or the other, it will assist them in acquiring correct notions of both. All the modern authorities on these subjects, from the time of Lord Kames, are examined; and the objections to many of them are freely, but candidly stated.

* D'Alembert has further illustrated the selfish scheme, by ascribing the pleasure which we have in love to its giving us a good opinion of ourselves, in consequence of the tenderness and sensibility implied in the passion.

ART. V.—*The Speeches of Charles Phillips, Esq. delivered at the Bar, and on various Public Occasions, in Ireland and England. Edited by Himself.* Royal 8vo. pp. 205. London, Longman and Co. 1817.

THE preface to these orations, which it is seen were edited by Mr. Phillips himself, is one of the most complimentary and fulsome we ever recollect to have seen; and we apprehend that English modesty would have had no ostensible concern, at least, in a publication in which there was such a prodigality of praise to the author. We have noticed a great profusion of eulogy introduced into dedications, but we have witnessed nothing of this sort during our long experience, in a preliminary discourse intended to illustrate the subject-matter of a work corrected by the writer himself. The applause of Mr. Finlay, who is the acknowledged composer of the preface, is not merely confined to the speeches, but the person and manners of Mr. Phillips are very flatteringly portrayed.*

"Nature has been bountiful to the subject of these remarks in the useful accident of a prepossessing exterior; an interesting figure, an animated countenance, and a demeanour devoid of affectation, and distinguished by a modest self-possession, give him the favourable opinion of his audience, even before he has addressed them. His eager, lively, and sparkling eye melts or kindles in pathos or indignation; his voice, by its compass, sweetness, and variety, ever audible and seldom loud, never hurried, inarticulate, or indistinct, secures to his audience every word that he utters, and preserves him from the painful appearance of effort.

"His memory is not less faithful in the conveyance of his meaning, than his voice: unlike Fox, in this respect, he never wants a word; unlike Burke, he never pretends to want one; and unlike Grattan, he never either wants or recalls one.

"His delivery is freed from every thing fantastic—is simple and elegant, impressive and sincere; and if we add the circumstance of his youth to his other external qualifications, none of his contemporaries in this vocation can pretend to an equal combination of these accidental advantages.

"If, then, action be a greater part of the effect of oratory, the reader who has not heard him is excluded from that consideration, so important to a right opinion, and on which his excellence is unquestioned." (p. viii—ix.)

* We defy any of the artists employed on the four portraits of Mr. Phillips, conspicuous in the Exhibition of the present year, to paint their subject to more advantage.

In another part of this preface we are told, that his admirers are innumerable—that the rays of the indignation of his enemies served to illumine, but could not consume him; and Mr. Finlay, descending into the mercenary and obscure phraseology of the counting-house, observes, that the “dispraise of these speeches has been a discountable quantity for the promotion of placemen, and the procurement of place.”

In the language of triumph we are informed, that the materials of this volume are “read in all the languages of Europe;” and that, “whatever be the proportion of their merits to their faults, they are unlikely to escape the attention of posterity.” We acknowledge that our own professional knowledge of foreign works has not made us acquainted with this general reception of the orations of Mr. Phillips; and we believe that the same respect has not yet been paid to the orations of the illustrious chiefs of Greek and Roman eloquence which is here assumed for this declaimer. But it is possible, as British jurisprudence is at present considered of much importance in reforming the errors of continental law, and as Mr. Phillips’s speeches have found their way into the newspapers of this kingdom, that extracts may have been made from such harangues, which, rather on account of the subject with which they are connected, than the manner in which that subject is treated, may have been inserted in the foreign journals of the like ephemeral description.

The extravagance of the concluding paragraph of this singular preface, is our only apology for its insertion, which indeed some might think the proper motive for its exclusion.

“Unaided by the advantages of fortune or alliance, under the frown of political power and the interested detraction of professional jealousy, confining the exercise of that talent which he derives from his God to the honour, and succour, and protection of his creatures: this interesting and highly-gifted young man runs his course like a giant, prospering and to prosper;—in the court as a flaming sword, leading and lighting the injured to their own; and in the public assembly exposing her rights—conquering envy—trampling on corruption—beloved by his country—esteemed by a world—enjoying and deserving an unexampled fame—and actively employing the summer of his life in gathering honours for his name, and garlands for his grave!” (p. xiv.)

From what we have said, our readers will be satisfied that the editor, Mr. Charles Phillips, had done more wisely

not to have employed his sanguine friend Mr. Finlay to introduce his speeches to the notice of the public; and indeed we thought, when he before made his appearance, on the occasion of putting forth his address in the case of *Guthrie v. Sterne*, that a sufficient caution was given him in another quarter to lead him to avoid such an act of indiscretion.

But if prudence be not one of his qualifications, he possesses merit of another kind, and he shall not, from the circumstances to which we have referred, be deprived of our meed of applause. If we may compare small things with great, his style is more that employed in favour of Milo than of Cluentius—more wild than methodical—more flowery than argumentative; and in his great anxiety to preserve the alliteration, and such dazzling trifles, we discover a disregard of the admonition of the Roman critic: "*Curam verborum rerum volo esse solitudinem.*" We do not here wish to take any distinction between English and Irish oratory, because we think both should be formed on the great models of antiquity, and that contradictions between them cannot be reconcileable with taste; deficiency in the one cannot be redundancy in the other. The following is an extract from a speech delivered by Mr. Phillips at a public dinner, given to him, he tells us, by the friends of civil and religious liberty, in Liverpool; and with some little balderdash, and a few gross mis-statements, there is much to interest and admire. Perhaps the affected humility in the exordium will be considered as a deviation from the well-known maxim, "*Ars est celare artem.*"

"Believe me, Mr. Chairman, I feel too sensibly the high and unmerited compliment you have paid me, to attempt any other return than the simple expression of my gratitude; to be just, I must be silent; but though my tongue is mute, my heart is much more than eloquent. The kindness of friendship, the testimony of any class, however humble, carries with it no trifling gratification; but stranger as I am, to be so distinguished in this great city, whose wealth is its least recommendation; the emporium of commerce, liberality, and public spirit; the birth-place of talent; the residence of integrity; the field where freedom seems to have rallied the last allies of her cause, as if, with the noble consciousness that, though patriotism could not wreath the laurel round her brow, genius should at least raise it over her ashes; to be so distinguished, Sir, and in such a place, does, I confess, inspire me with a vanity which even a sense of my unimportance cannot entirely silence. Indeed, Sir, the ministerial critics of Liverpool were right. I have no claim to this enthusiastic welcome. But I cannot look upon this testimonial, so

much as a tribute to myself, as an omen to that country with whose fortunes the dearest sympathies of my soul are intertwined. Oh yes, I do foresee when she shall hear with what courtesey her most pretensionless advocate has been treated, how the same wind that wafts her the intelligence, will revive that flame within her, which the blood of ages has not been able to extinguish. It may be a delusive hope, but I am glad to grasp at any phantom that flits across the solitude of that country's desolation. On this subject you can scarcely be ignorant, for you have an Irishman resident amongst you, whom I am proud to call my friend; whose fidelity to Ireland no absence can diminish; who has at once the honesty to be candid, and the talent to be convincing. I need scarcely say I allude to Mr. Casey. I knew, Sir, the statue was too striking to require a name upon the pedestal." (p. 75—76.)

The orator next proceeds to consider the situation of his native island, with the conduct of this country towards it; and as far as he exhibits a true picture of the severity of British policy, every upright Englishman will see it with mortification; but it would not be difficult to shew that the colouring in the west is much too high, and the shading in the east much too deep. We will, however, present it in the hues the pencil of Mr. Phillips has supplied.

"Alas, Ireland has little now to console her, except the consciousness of having produced such men. It would be a reasonable adulation in me to deceive you. Six centuries of base misgovernment, of causeless, ruthless, and ungrateful persecution, have now reduced that country to a crisis, at which I know not whether the friend of humanity has most cause to grieve or to rejoice; because I am not sure that the same feeling which prompts the tear at human sufferings, ought not to triumph in that increased infliction which may at length tire them out of endurance. I trust in God a change of system may in time anticipate the results of desperation; but you may quite depend on it, a period is approaching when, if penalty does not pause in the pursuit, patience will turn short on the pursuer. Can you wonder at it? Contemplate Ireland during any given period of England's rule, and what a picture does she exhibit! Behold her created in all the prodigality of nature; with a soil that anticipates the husbandman's desires: with harbours courting the commerce of the world; with rivers capable of the most effective navigation; with the ore of every metal struggling through her surface; with a people, brave, generous, and intellectual, literally forcing their way through the disabilities of their own country into the highest stations of every other, and well rewarding the policy that promotes them, by achievements the most heroic, and allegiance without a blemish. How have the successive governments of England demeaned themselves to a nation, offering such an accumulation of moral and poli-

tical advantages! See it in the state of Ireland at this instant; in the universal bankruptcy that overwhelms her; in the loss of her trade; in the annihilation of her manufactures; in the deluge of her debt; in the divisions of her people; in all the loathsome operations of an odious, monopolising, hypocritical fanaticism on the one hand, wrestling with the untiring but natural reprisals of an irritated population on the other! It required no common ingenuity to reduce such a country to such a situation. But it has been done; man has conquered the beneficence of the Deity; his harpy touch has changed the viands to corruption; and that land, which you might have possessed in health, and wealth, and vigour, to support you in your hour of need, now writhes in the agonies of death, unable even to lift the shroud with which famine and fatuity try to encumber her convulsion. This is what I see a pensioned press denominates tranquillity. Oh, woe to the land threatened with such tranquillity; *solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant*; it is not yet the tranquillity of solitude; it is not yet the tranquillity of death; but if you would know what it is, go forth in the silence of creation, when every wind is hushed, and every echo mute, and all nature seems to listen in dumb and terrified and breathless expectation, go forth in such an hour, and see the terrible tranquillity by which you are surrounded! How could it be otherwise; when for ages upon ages invention has fatigued itself with expedients for irritation; when, as I have read with horror in the progress of my legal studies, the homicide of a 'mere Irishman' was considered justifiable; and when his ignorance was the origin of all his crimes, his education was prohibited by *Act of Parliament*! when the people were worm-eaten by the odious vermin which a Church and State adultery had spawned; when a bad heart and brainless head were the fangs by which every foreign adventurer and domestic traitor fastened upon office; when the property of the native was but an invitation to plunder, and his non-acquiescence the signal for confiscation; when religion itself was made the odious pretence for every persecution, and the fires of hell were alternately lighted with the cross, and quenched in the blood of its defenceless followers! I speak of times that are passed: but can their recollections, can their consequences be so readily eradicated. Why, however, should I refer to periods that are distant? Behold, at this instant, five millions of her people disqualified on account of their faith, and that by a country professing freedom! and that under a government calling itself Christian! You (when I say You, of course I mean, not the high-minded people of England, but the men who misgovern us both) seem to have taken out a roving commission in search of grievances abroad, whilst you overlook the calamities at your own door, and of your own infliction. You traverse the ocean to emancipate the African; you cross the line to convert the Hindoo; you hurl your thunder against the savage Algerine; but your own brethren at home, who speak the same tongue, acknowledge the same King, and kneel to the same God, cannot get one visit from your *itinerant humanity*! Oh, such a system is almost too abomi-

nable for a name; it is a monster of impiety, impolicy, ingratitude, and injustice! The pagan nations of antiquity scarcely acted on such barbarous principles. Look to ancient Rome, with her sword in one hand and her constitution in the other, healing the injuries of conquest with the embrace of brotherhood, and wisely converting the captive into the citizen. Look to her great enemy, the glorious Carthaginian, at the foot of the Alps, ranging his prisoners round him, and by the politic option of captivity or arms, recruiting his legions with the very men whom he had literally conquered into gratitude! They laid their foundations deep in the human heart, and their success was proportionate to their policy." (p. 76—80.)

Our readers are perhaps by this time of opinion, that the character of the eloquence of Mr. Phillips answers better to the description of the age succeeding that of Demosthenes, than any better period. Demetrius Phalereus was among the most distinguished of that time, and of him it is said, "*Delectabat Athenienses magis quam inflammabat.*"

The style of oratory of the following character of Buonaparte, down to the period of his exile to Elba, is so peculiar, that we are unwilling to exclude it, and it would be difficult to discover a specimen of ancient or modern composition which bears any analogy to it. "The successors of Napoleon," observes our author sarcastically, in the concluding words of the volume, "want nothing but his genius."

"He is **FALLEN!**

"We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted.

"Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a seep-tered hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality.

"A mind bold, independent, and decisive—a will, despotic in its dictates—an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

"Flung into life, in the midst of a Revolution, that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity!

"With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshipped no God but ambition, and with an eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was

no opinion that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the Cross: the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic; and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism.

"A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of Brutus,* he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars!

"Throughout this pantomime of his policy, Fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the colour of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself only elevated him to empire.

"But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his councils; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their developement, and success vindicated their adoption.

"His person partook the character of his mind—if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field.

"Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount—space no opposition that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity! The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common places in his contemplation; kings were his people—nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board!

"Amid all these changes he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or the drawing-room—with the mob or the levee—wearing the jacobin bonnet or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza or espousing a Hapsburgh—dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic—he was still the same military despot!

"Cradled in the camp, he was to the last hour the darling of the army; and whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a

* In his hypocritical cant after Liberty, in the commencement of the Revolution, he assumed the name of Brutus—*Proh Pudor!*

friend or forgot a favour. Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him, till affection was useless, and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favourite.

"They knew well, that if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; and that if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier, he subsidized every people; to the people he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains; and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The gaoler of the press, he affected the patronage of letters—the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy—the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning!—the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Stael, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England."

"Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A Royalist—a Republican and an Emperor—a Mahometan—a Catholic and a patron of the Synagogue—a Subaltern and a Sovereign—a Traitor and a Tyrant—a Christian and an Infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original—the same mysterious incomprehensible self—the man without a model, and without a shadow.

"His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his whole history was like a dream to the world, and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie.

"Such is a faint and feeble picture of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, the first (and it is to be hoped the last) Emperor of the French.

"That he has done much evil there is little doubt; that he has been the origin of much good, there is just as little. Through his means, intentional or not, Spain, Portugal, and France have arisen to the blessings of a Free Constitution; Superstition has found her grave in the ruins of the Inquisition; and the Feudal system, with its whole train of tyrannic satellites, has fled for ever. Kings may learn from him that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people; the people are taught by him that there is no despotism so stupendous against which they have not a resource; and to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest." (p. 200—205.)

The speech of this gentleman in the case of *Guthrie v. Sterne*, had been previously published; but we will not—

"* To Sir Humphrey Davy was transmitted the first prize of the Academy of Sciences.

withstanding refer to the judgment of our readers the concluding paragraphs of it. One of the defects of Mr. Phillips is certainly his fondness for American (he would not pardon us if we were to denominate it Irish) English; but this is a peculiarity which, according to our view he ought to correct.

"Gentlemen, my part is done; yours is about to commence. You have heard this crime—its origin, its progress, its aggravations, its novelty among us. Go and tell your children and your country, whether or not it is to be made a precedent. Oh, how awful is your responsibility! I do not doubt that you will discharge yourselves of it as becomes your characters. I am sure, indeed, that you will mourn with me over the almost solitary defect in our otherwise matchless system of jurisprudence, which leaves the perpetrators of such an injury as this, subject to no amercement but that of money. I think you will lament the failure of the great *Cicero* of our age, to bring such an offence within the cognizance of a criminal jurisdiction: it was a subject suited to his legislative mind, worthy of his feeling heart, worthy of his immortal eloquence. I cannot, my Lord, even remotely allude to Lord *Erskine*, without gratifying myself by saying of him, that by the rare union of all that was learned in law, with all that was lucid in eloquence; by the singular combination of all that was pure in morals with all that was profound in wisdom; he has stamped upon every action of his life the blended authority of a great mind, and an unquestionable conviction. I think, Gentlemen, you will regret the failure of such a man in such an object. The merciless murderer may have manliness to plead; the highway robber may have want to palliate; yet they both are objects of criminal infliction: but the murderer of connubial bliss, who commits his crime in secrecy;—the robber of domestic joys, whose very wealth, as in this case, may be his instrument; he is suffered to calculate on the infernal fame which a superfluous and unfelt expenditure may purchase. The law, however, is so; and we must only adopt the remedy it affords us. In your adjudication of that remedy, I do not ask too much, when I ask the full extent of your capability: how poor, even so, is the wretched remuneration for an injury which nothing can repair,—for a loss which nothing can alleviate? Do you think that a mine could recompense my client for the forfeiture of her who was dearer than life to him?

——— 'Oh, had she been but true,
Though Heaven had made him such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
He'd not exchange her for it!

"I put it to any of you, what would you take to stand in his situation? What would you take to have your prospects blasted, your profession despoiled, your peace ruined, your bed profaned, your parents heart-broken, your children parentless? Believe me,

Gentlemen, if it were not for those children, he would not come here to-day to seek such remuneration; if it were not that, by your verdict, you may prevent those little innocent defrauded wretches from wandering beggars, as well as orphans, on the face of this earth: Oh, I know I need not ask this verdict from your mercy; I need not extort it from your compassion; I will receive it from your justice. I do conjure you, not as fathers, but as husbands;—not as husbands, but as citizens;—not as citizens, but as men;—not as men, but as Christians;—by all your obligations, public, private, moral, and religious; by the hearth profaned; by the home desolated; by the canons of the living God foully spurned;—save, oh! save your fire-sides from the contagion, your country from the crime, and perhaps thousands, yet unborn, from the shame, and sin, and sorrow of this example!" (p. 114—116.)

On the whole, we have received pleasure in the perusal of these speeches, and we so far agree with Mr. Finlay, the writer of the preface, that the youth of Mr. Phillips "carries with it not only much excuse, but much promise of future improvement."

ART. VI.—*Letters from Scotland, by an English Commercial Traveller. Written during a Journey in the Summer of 1815.* 8vo. pp. 224. London, Longman and Co. 1817.

IT is to be lamented that the author of this little volume could not choose a better subject to employ his pen: not that we mean any ill compliment to Scotland—on the contrary, properly understood, our observation is rather favourable than otherwise; for that country has so much beautiful scenery, and is on many other accounts so inviting to travellers, (we do not mean commercial travellers exactly,) that a vast number of works have been published regarding it; and any man who undertakes a new one, has at least to encounter with the disadvantage of staleness and comparative exhaustion of his subject. It is on this account only that we say that we are sorry the nature of his employment was such as not to allow him a choice. Some authors have professedly occupied themselves upon a worn-out theme, for the sake of displaying their wit, ingenuity, and resources; and though this has not been the case with the writer before us, yet the effect has been the same; for feeling that he was journeying over often-trodden ground, he has endeavoured, and successfully, to diversify his way by

matters not always immediately connected with the topic he was discussing.

It is obvious that the writer of these letters was never originally intended by nature or education for "a gentleman bag-man," who, generally speaking, are a class of men whose knowledge of books does not extend beyond Patterson's Roads, and the pocket-ledger they carry about with them—whose knowledge of men is limited to the country shopkeepers whose custom they solicit—and whose knowledge of manners is derived from the landlords of inns and the hostlers of stables. He is probably the younger branch of some large mercantile house, and having been liberally educated, and not insignificantly endowed, has been sent round the country by his partners as a representative of the firm. The society into which he generally fell could not have been well suited to his disposition and pursuits, and indeed the whole purpose of the journey could not have been very accordant to his wishes: to have to ask pecuniary favours of mercenary tradesmen, at every place at which you arrive, must, we apprehend, have much diminished the pleasure otherwise to be derived from such an expedition. The author, however, fell in with an intelligent and able Scotchman, whom he calls Mr. B., who was of great assistance to him always, and who much added to the comfort and agreeableness of the way.

But for the exertion that it was necessary to use in order to make these letters entertaining, we should perhaps have found some little fault with them for the great diversity of subjects introduced and discussed; they are, however, generally treated with modesty becoming a young man, and often display a degree of information, and an activity of inquiry, highly laudable. He must certainly have appeared a *rara avis* among that class with which he was in some degree compelled to associate, and who no doubt called him a stupid fellow, because he often retired from their dull stories and vulgar jokes to write to a friend the result of his observations. How far the literary interfered with the commercial part of the journey, we cannot tell; but the letters are not deficient in useful information to persons who merely travel for purposes of business. The writer seems to have accomplished what mere money-getters censure, the uniting of pleasure and profit; for instead of spending his leisure in a stinking smoking-room, where the conversation held is as low as the liquor drunken, he has wandered to some object in the town, or its neighbour-

hood, which deserved attention, and about which he could detail amusing circumstances to his friends.

A few of the introductory letters do not relate to Scotland, but to the author's progress to it; and the general intelligence with which he writes may be gathered from the following extract from the second. There is one remark to which it gives rise, and that is, that the writer is probably a young man who has not much mixed with society, or he would have known that some of his remarks were not quite so new as he imagines: this, however, is no impeachment of his originality; it rather shews that what he says is founded in good judgment and good taste.

"The exterior of this venerable edifice" (York Minster) "did not at first strike me as being very grand. Its apparent magnitude is diminished by a fault which is observable in all our cathedrals—the projection of the transept or cross aisle, which hinders the eye from commanding, at one glance, the whole side of the building. This defect is here rendered the more obvious by the inferiority in point of elegance of the architecture of the transept; and the houses crowd so close upon the pile that there is no point from whence one can perceive all the *parts* producing a magnificent *whole*. The inferior elevation of the Minster renders it less externally magnificent than the *chef-d'œuvre* of Sir Christopher Wren. But, if the exterior has not the grandeur of St. Paul's, the interior is infinitely finer; and, by the comparison of these two buildings, each of them confessedly the finest our island affords of its own style, the most bigotted admirer of Grecian simplicity and elegance must allow the superiority to the Gothic architecture. In St. Peter's you observe inimitable lightness, with every appearance of the most perfect stability: elaborate ornament producing a beautifully simple general effect: a strong, but sober, and equally-diffused light, softened in its transmission through painted windows, which form a part, and an indispensable part, of the architecture. Faults are no doubt observable; but they are not the faults of the style itself, but those of a succession of architects probably unacquainted with each other's plans.

"In St. Paul's, while you admire the genius of the man who began and finished the immense pile, you lament that it was forced to an adherence to a style of architecture which produces so uncomfortable an effect. You are powerfully impressed with the sublimity of magnitude; but the eye, displeased at the naked vastness, looks round for the aid of light and ornament, and soon perceives that additional light cannot be obtained, and that additional ornament would be preposterous. You think you observe extreme heaviness; but a particular examination convinces you that it is necessary for stability. In short, you think there is something wanting, and look for faults; but, finding none of the architect, you conclude that they belong to the style itself.

" I spent several hours, as I could find leisure, in admiring the internal architecture of the Minster. The cross aisle, which I have remarked as hurting the external effect, adds much to the beauty and apparent magnitude of the interior; for, while standing in the centre of the building, the eye commands all the four arms of the cross. From the western entrance of the nave, the vistas of clustered pillars, extending the whole length of the building in uninterrupted perspective, have an effect inexpressibly grand.

" The view from the great tower is fine; though the country is flat, it is well wooded, and, being almost all pasture land, is beautifully verdant. The city itself is not an uninteresting object which its river and its bridge, its ancient castle, its churches, of which could be observed upwards of twenty towers or spires, and its walls, which are almost entire and confine the city to nearly its ancient limits." (p. 8—11.)

There is one pleasure to be derived from reading this volume which belongs to few professed works of travels: in general, the author feels it necessary to be extremely fastidious—to hesitate, and ponder, and argue before he bestows his approbation or censure upon any particular subject; he seems anxious to shew what an understanding and sagacious observer he is—to justify all his impressions by the rules of reason; so that we are tired of the subject before he in truth arrives at it: if he appears to have so little confidence in himself that he is afraid of trusting his own judgment, how can he expect his readers to be more indulgent to him? This, however, is not the case with the writer of these letters, and a great recommendation of them is the freedom and immediateness (if we may be allowed the word) with which he speaks of the impressions particular objects made upon him:—he does not stay to ask exactly whether he shall appear wise or foolish in acknowledging it, but he gives the impression in the confidence that every man of sense ought to feel, that others under similar circumstances would experience the same emotions. We have not made this remark with reference to the following extract, or to any particular part of the work, but as applied to the whole. The subsequent is the author's description of Edinburg, and the surrounding country, as viewed from Calton Hill.

" On the morning after our arrival B. called me up at an early hour, and proposed a walk to the Calton hill. We went the nearest way through some mean lanes, crossing a long street of black and dirty looking buildings, which had a melancholy air of uninhabitedness. The scavengers were at work, and I had *now* ocular demon-

stration of Scottish filthiness. It would seem that the olfactory nerves of the citizens were grown callous to the application of the "subtle effluvia of bodies," for no anxiety is shown to introduce some more effectual means of cleansing the streets. Where the inclination of the ground is so great, sewers would remove the nuisance; but the good folks, willing to excuse their want of public spirit, say they have not water to keep the *sewers* open. Yet they have lately refused the offer of a Canal Company, who would have supplied them with water *gratis*. Certainly I never in my life was so annoyed with combinations of villanous smells as during this short walk. I hurried up the steep hill, glad to escape the hell behind me, and gained the summit before I looked back. I gazed around me with astonishment! I felt as if I had been translated into another world: every unpleasant feature of the picture was thrown into shade. The city lay below us in all the pride of ancient grandeur and modern elegance. Any thing I had ever imagined of superlative magnificence, shrunk into poverty and meanness when my eye fell on this wonderful place; and yet the sublimity of the scene immediately below me was comparatively insignificant with that of the objects which surrounded it. On the north lay the Firth, the estuary of a noble river, to the east widening into the ocean, to the west apparently losing itself in a mass of blue hills, which bounded the distant horizon. A rich and beautifully-varied plain lay beneath the Forth and the capital, over which, to the south, appeared the Salisbury crags, a circular ridge of rocks, presenting the appearance of a hill, of which one half had sunk into the bowels of the earth, leaving the rocky section to frown in commanding majesty over the town. From this strange line of precipices rose a hill, sublime in its attitude and picturesque in its form; and, stretching far to the west, the Pentland hills formed the southern boundary of the rich plain, which, extending from them to the Forth, was finely ornamented by the Corstorphine hills, a beautiful ridge, not too high to interrupt the prospect of the distant mountains, the indistinct forms of which mingled with the clouds.

"Rocks, and hills, and mountains, a noble river and the ocean, are rare accompaniments of city grandeur; and Edinburgh, instead of being a blot upon the fair scene, harmonizes with it and ornaments it. The Calton hill overlooks it as much as St. Paul's overlooks London. How different is the scene! From the other, the town, instead of forming the whole scene, appears only as an ornament to the country: as an appropriate decoration of art, to perfect a scene on which nature has lavished her noblest ornaments." (p. 71—74.)

One part of this volume relates to the character of the inhabitants of Scotland; but we scarcely think the author quite just to the better-informed classes, whom he includes in his general remarks. The persons among

whom he fell were, of course, principally shop-keepers, or persons in trade, who from their very pursuits had acquired a money-getting habit and a narrowness of intellect, which almost precluded enlarged observation and liberal opinion: had he more confined his remarks to the particular set of men with whom he was connected, we should not have made this complaint against his conclusions, yet even they, we must allow, are true to a certain extent.

"The Scots are not easy in conversation. They are more anxious to shine than to please. Every one wishes to be thought wise, and you shall often see a stupid fellow entrench himself in gravity and preserve a profound silence, from the selfish fear of exposing his ignorance, or risking the little share of reputation he may possess. But see this man in another company where he knows he is surrounded by those more stupid than himself, he shines away and engrosses the whole conversation. His hearers hate him for his superiority; yet they are contented he should shine, rather than that they should run the risk of discomfiture by opposing him. In all companies, where there is an obvious diversity of talent, is to be observed this submission of inferior to superior ability; and when persons of equal colloquial abilities are thrown together, their discourse is rather disputation than conversation. An excessive frigidity is the consequence of the want of the frankness, which with us is the heart and soul of social enjoyment. A cautious reserve appears to pervade the breast of every Scotsman; he answers a question as if he were undergoing a cross-examination; the mysterious habit grows upon him, till he makes a secret of things which it would do him no manner of harm although the world knew them. That which makes him unamiable in society, makes him ridiculous in business; so much is the Scot afraid of getting himself into a *scrape*, that he would allow his friend to risk his money with a rogue not worth a farthing; when a word might have put him on his guard; but that word, *if reported* to the person of whom it is said, might occasion *trouble* to him who said it. A person in business gains nothing by this superlative caution, for when he is reserved himself he cannot expect frankness from others. When an Englishman is asked his opinion of another's character and stability, he answers at once, 'he is a scoundrel,' or he is honest, but very poor, don't trust him.' The Scotsman's answer, on a similar occasion, would be, 'he is a discreet man,' or 'he is a decent man.' These phrases at first deceived me; but I have learned from experience that the discreet man may be a great rogue, and the decent may be incapacitated for business either by laziness or poverty.

"I asked a gentleman to favour me with the names of those with whom he thought I might safely do business. He took me into his private office, and after having shut the door, he said he would, to

oblige me, as I was a friend of Mr. S's, give me the names of the good people in the place; 'but,' added he, 'I must request that you do not give the same information to any one else, for although your trade does not interfere with mine, the information might reach some one whose business did *interfere* with mine: besides, in furnishing a list of *good* people, it may be presumed that I consider all those who are excluded as *bad*, which deduction might be the cause of bringing me into some *trouble*.' The other day, I asked a Scottish traveller what line he was in, says he, 'Sir, that's no a fair question!' I was talking to my jacobinical friend with the spectacles, about the rent of the very elegant shops with which Edinburgh abounds. 'How much do you pay for yours?' asked I. 'Indeed, man,' said he, 'I pay far o'ur muckle.' B. tells of an instance pretty illustrative of this foolish caution. When in England, he met a traveller, who he knew was from Glasgow, and had reason to suppose this man knew him; but, although B. began to talk about Glasgow, the man kept a cautious silence, probably expecting that if he remained unknown to B., he might be allowed to get the start of him on his journey, both going over the same ground, and in the same line. 'Pray, Sir,' says B. 'have you ever been in Scotland?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'You have been in Glasgow I presume?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'I think I have had the pleasure of meeting you there?' 'It is likely you have, Sir, I go there three times a year.' 'I think it was in W. and Co.'s warehouse I met you?' says B. interrogatively. 'Aye,' said he, 'I call there sometimes.' The man was W. himself!

"An Edinburgh gentleman, who has all the open straight-forwardness of English manner, said to me the other day, 'I cannot endure the selfish reserve of my countrymen. They become tolerable only when they are half tipsy.'

"As it is in business so is it in politics. The Scotsman takes mighty good care that the avowal of his political principles shall not be prejudicial to his private concerns.

"Public rejoicings were held at Edinburgh when Lord Melville's trial was finished. The usual suppleness of the Scots to the powers-that-be, was here joined with that sort of nationality which is shown in envy and dislike of the English. They know that their character in the Legislature was so low that the crimes of the individual would attach not only to himself but to the body of which he formed a part. Their representatives in parliament were not so artful as to hide their servility, which exposed them to the animadversion of Lord A. Hamilton, the only Scotch member who expressed indignation at the acts of the minister. They had not enow of honest men to afford of one being declared dishonest; and, when his Lordship was found *not so bad* as the English patriots had represented, the Scottish nation felt as if it had obtained a victory, and rejoiced!" (p. 88—92.)

He gives the Edinburg gentleman, who possessed "all the straight-forwardness of English manner," a separate

sentence, as if he were a single and solitary exception. This is scarcely fair from a young man who visited Scotland for the first time, and saw the country and the people in a very cursory manner. The description he gives of Glasgow is worth extracting, though it cannot of course contain much that is new.

“ Glasgow affords numerous proofs of the activity of its corporation. The river has been deepened so as to allow vessels of considerable burthen to sail up the quay, which has been lengthened to nearly twice its former extent, in order to give accommodation to the increased number of ships; the north bank of the Clyde has been cleared of the rubbish of houses which crowded upon it; and a space has been left for a street to face the river; an extensive prison has been built in an open situation, and the old prison has been pulled down, and warehouses erected on its site; several churches have been built in situations favourable for effect; new streets have been opened, and a regular plan of the city has been laid down, to which builders are obliged to conform. But the inhabitants, who have no controul over their corporation, appear dissatisfied at its proceedings. They do not consider what *has* been done, so much as speculate upon what *might have* been done; and, if they cannot justly complain, they have obvious reasons to lament in their rulers a want of judgment and taste. The removal of the old houses from the banks of the river gave room for the completion of a row of buildings which would have formed the most magnificent terrace in the world; but a niggardly economy of space has placed the prison much nearer the river than that part of the street which is already finished, and which is thus excluded from a view of the delightful Park, to which this street opens, and to which it might otherwise have formed a noble vista. But, as if this deviation from the right line, this pitiful contraction of space, was not sufficiently ridiculous, the slaughter house is squeezed in behind, ill planned, ill regulated, and emitting pestilential effluvia, which would become absolutely intolerable were buildings erected in front to interrupt the current of fresh air from the river. This abominable nuisance is close upon the entrance to the prison: surely it is enough to confine poor debtors to their cells, without poisoning the air which they breathe.

“ The new prison, on which it is said 30,000*l.* has been expended, is lamentably inelegant, and is deficient both in comfort and security. It is a low building, and looks still lower by being placed in a low situation; no part of it has any pretension to grandeur but the portico, which has a double row of fluted pillars of enormous magnitude; but which, heavy as they are, appear no more than adequate to the support of the architrave and pediment. The inhabitants expected to have seen something elegant erected on the site of the old jail, which was placed at the angle, formed by the junction

of High Street and Trongate, and joined the fine buildings of the Exchange. They anxiously watched the progress of the building; and were astonished to find that the architect had reserved all his ornaments, such as they were, for the upper story.

"Some of the streets have a church at their termination, which produces a magnificent effect; but, although the citizens are great critics in church and steeple architecture, the taste of the builders is not improved by their critiques. The church of St. Andrew is elegant. The steeple the reverse. It would seem that the architect owed his success on the body of the church to his adherence to ancient models, and that the design of the steeple was an abortion of his own brain. The steeple of St. George's, though not without obvious defects, has a striking effect, and displays something like originality of genius; but the architect has exhausted his inventive powers on it, for the church resembles nothing so much as a barn. When I was in Yorkshire, B. the Scottish Traveller, bid me take notice of a spire at Horbury, which he said I should find imitated at Glasgow. I admired it much, and when I got to Huddersfield, I sketched the plan of it in my order book. When I saw the Steeple of Hutchesons' Hospital in Glasgow, I recognised an obvious plagiarism from Carr's plan. The architecture is in so peculiar a style that the coincidence could scarcely be accidental." (p. 127—130.)

In consequence of the wetness of the weather, our author had not the best opportunity of enjoying the romantic beauties of Scotland; but he made good use of his time, and many impediments were overcome that would have daunted a traveller of less ardour. We have not room to enter at length into his account of the scenery he visited, and we do not know that it is necessary on several accounts, one of which is, that he does not seem to derive so much enjoyment from the rocks, woods, and falls, as we should have expected; and another, that descriptions of picturesque situations seldom can be happy, and never serve to convey to the reader any correct notion of the place. We, however, insert a short specimen of his manner.

"A walk was proposed previous to our setting out to see the scenery of the Clyde. I did not suppose we were near those romantic scenes; and, when I thought I was only taking a walk round an ordinary farm, I found myself on the brink of a precipice, and a scene under me, which, as my expectations had not been raised by any previous exercise of the imagination, struck me with surprise and astonishment. On one hand was the bridge we had crossed the preceding evening, and immediately below it the river tumbled over a succession of shelving rocks to the depth of 50 or 60 feet, and on the side of this fine fall, half-way down, stood a mill, in its situation far more picturesque than convenient. On the other hand, was

a long and straight chasm, so deep that the dark stream which forced its way along the bottom was scarcely visible, and the rocks, so perpendicular that the trees, which rose out of the 'rifted rock' on one side of this frightful canal, intermingled their branches with those on the other side, casting a gloomy darkness over the chasm which heightened its sublimity. As we descended the stream, the scenery more grew tame, although still interesting, and there was one place where the wooded steeps receded a little, which I thought uncommonly beautiful; overlooking this fine opening stood an ancient-looking house. B.'s brother was with us:—'That house,' said he, 'was the residence of Baillie of Jervis-wood, who suffered in the same cause with Sidney and Russel; his fate illustrated the wretched state of Scotland under the restored Stuart. At his trial, as no evidence could be found against him, he was required to answer all questions that should be asked; and, on his refusal to criminate himself, was fined in six thousand pounds. At length, some wretches being put to the torture, saved themselves by accusing Baillie. He was convicted, and executed the same afternoon; for the treatment he had met with in prison, and the effects of a long concealment in an oven in yonder house, had made him so weakly that it was feared he would not survive that night.' My friends were descended from staunch whigs and covenanters, who had suffered about the same period, and they exhibited as much indignation against the oppressors, as if the instances of tyrannical injustice they adduced had occurred yesterday. Discoursing on the events of these times, and on the revolution which tyranny excited, we pursued our way down the stream till it turned, apparently from its natural course, to find its way through a hill. It really seemed

'As if some mountain rent and riven,

A channel to the stream had given.'

As we entered this opening, and looked up to the immense rocks which rose on each side, I wondered that Scott should have wasted his descriptive powers on the comparatively tame scenery of the Greta or the Tees. Prepared as I had been to expect the grandest scenes in nature, what I had imagined fell short of the reality. I no longer wondered that I should not have heard of Cleghorn, so much was it surpassed by this." (p. 141—144.)

The last extract we can afford room to give, is an account of the extensive use of steam-boats in North Britain, and which have been employed so beneficially for a number of years, without accident or injury of any importance, while it is with difficulty that a single vessel on the same principle is maintained on the Thames. The Scotch are undoubtedly a prejudiced people, but their prejudices are not so absurd and vulgar as those that prevent all important improvements in the South of England.

" I had been much gratified by the sight of coal waggons drawn on a rail-way by a steam engine. But I was still more pleased with the steam boats, whose movements upon the 'liquid element' were produced and regulated by a principle within themselves, independent, and indeed in spite, of wind and tide.

" The strokes of the wheels agitated the water much; and it was obvious that, as an impelling power, they could not be used in a canal, the banks of which would be destroyed by the current they occasion. I understood that a steam boat had been tried on the Forth and Clyde Canal, and laid aside for this reason, long before the invention was introduced into America. The Americans therefore cannot claim the honour of the invention, and when we allow them the merit of being the first to make them efficient, we ought to consider the comparatively greater benefit which results to them from the use of steam boats. In this country their introduction only produces a confined local benefit. Our rivers are so small that only a few towns near the sea reap any advantage from them. But in America, where the rivers are immense, boats which can navigate them with regularity and expedition are of the utmost importance in a national point of view, as opening a communication with the most distant parts of the country, and thereby affording greater facilities to commerce. The distance from Glasgow to Greenock is no more than 24 miles. The distance from New York to Albany, between which towns Fulton's steam vessel sailed, is 160 miles. This, though three times greater than the navigable part of any of our rivers, is trifling compared with what is navigable of the Ohio: on which steam boats have already passed from New Orleans to Pittsburgh, a distance of two thousand miles! In America every such improvement is of great and essential interest to the community. Here it is more a matter of convenience to individuals. Where ingenuity is wanted, it will be excited; and we should keep this in mind, when we see American ingenuity apparently getting the start of ours.

" I have hopes, if I live twenty years longer, to see steam engines on board every large ship. With paddles, which might be unshipped at pleasure, I conceive they might be used at sea; and, if it were found inconvenient to have the engine on board the vessel, a small boat of great strength might be constructed for it alone, which might take in tow vessels of any size.

" The vessel in which we *steamed* down the river was large, and the cabin handsomely, almost splendidly, furnished. A genteel company, among whom were some elegant females, enlivened the decks. The country was highly cultivated, and finely varied. The whole struck me as a beautiful picture of civilized and refined life, and I smiled as I recollected the idea many of our worthy citizens have that Scotland is a continued succession of wild hills, peopled by barbarians. We had on board a worthy Londoner, who testified to me his astonishment that he had not to cross any sea to get to Scot-

land, and that the men of Glasgow neither wore petticoats nor spoke Irish. A Glasgow gentleman amused himself with the poor cockney's ignorance of every thing going on out of London. He remarked that there was a great deal of cheese *grown* in this part of Scotland. 'Grown!' said the citizen, 'does cheese grow?' 'Aye. How did you think it was made?' 'Why, I don't know, I never saw it made.' 'You have heard of sage cheese, and a herb called *sage*? Sage cheese is made from that herb. Dunlop cheese is made from a plant which is of a dun colour, when it is lopt or cut.' The citizen gave an assenting nod, deceived by the gravity of his informant. A good natured lady, wishing to undeceive him, said that cheese was made from milk. 'Come,' said he, 'that's a good one, old lady; cheese made from milk! nay, nay, that won't do; I can't swallow that.' 'But you can *swallow* the Dun-lop't cheese,' said the Glasgow man; who appeared to be continually on the alert to catch an opportunity of sporting a pun: a species of wit, which does well enough in the absence of better." (p. 178—182.)

The last story is fair enough as a satire, but it is not quite true enough, or at least does not bear sufficient evidence of truth, to be felt in its utmost severity; besides, the joke, as far as it is a joke, is to be found in a hundred jest-books, with a little exaggeration by the author. This is not the first anecdote of the kind liable to the same objection, and we refer particularly to the relation he gives of a traveller, who quoted two lines of Virgil as from Horace and Cicero, and was imposed upon by another citation from the same author as from Homer. This is a little too gross to deserve full credit; as a story, however, it is not badly told.

On the whole, it will be collected, from what we have said and extracted, that this work is entertaining and shrewd, and not without utility to those who are about to undertake a northern excursion.

ART. VII.—*Academic Errors; or Recollections of Youth.*
By a Member of the University of Cambridge. 8vo.
pp. 213. Longman and Co. 1817.

As early as the days of Quintilian, the question was agitated as to the comparative advantages of a private and public education, and to this subject the second chapter of his first book is devoted. We have not only the arguments he adduces, but the conclusion of his mind on the subject, which is in favour of the latter. Our readers will find this important point discussed in the little work before us, and

they will discover abundant materials with which to form their own judgment, and a great deal that is worth knowing on the different schemes of instruction in seminaries of the various descriptions, with just distinctions as to their respective merits.

The shape in which this volume is presented to us is biographical: the writer says, by retracing the scenes of study pursued during his early years, and explaining the different modes of instruction by which knowledge was imparted to himself, he has endeavoured to shew in these pages, that much time is consumed, and little learning acquired, by persevering in the system of education which is almost universally pursued at present; yet he conceives that all the advantages contemplated, might be obtained from a trifling innovation. Without pointing out any particular establishment to which his remarks might more immediately apply, he has been unreserved in his censure of public schools, as they are now conducted; but he expresses the hope, that "the reader will be able to gather from his observations, that his sentiments would be decidedly in favour of them, if the conductors would condescend to adopt a few changes in their general plan."

The author having under the parental roof made some progress in reading English, and other little elementary matters, was consigned to an ordinary country school at ten years of age. It seems, that his mother's health requiring a milder climate, the father was induced to accompany her to the south of Europe, and intrusted therefore the care of his son to Mr. P., the master of a country school, where having arrived, he thus pathetically describes his own feelings in his new condition of estrangement.

"The sorrow which I underwent at this separation was the more poignant, as there was nothing in the character of Mr. P——, the master of the school, to reconcile me to the loss of parental kindness. 'The pain which is felt when we are first transplanted from our native soil,' says Southey, in his *Life of Nelson*, 'when the living branch is cut from the parent tree, is one of the most poignant which we have to endure through life. There are after-griefs which wound more deeply, which leave behind them scars never to be effaced, which bruise the spirit, and sometimes break the heart; but never, never do we feel so keenly the want of love, the necessity of being loved, and the sense of desertion, as when we first leave the haven of home, and are, as it were, pushed off upon the stream of life.'

"As often as I read this passage, it brings to memory the deso-

late sensations which I experienced, when my father took leave of me in Mr. P——'s play-ground,—but why do I say, brings to memory, when few of the past sorrows of life are so constantly before my mind as that which I felt, when I first perceived myself to be surrounded by new faces, whose indifference and want of sympathy soon convinced me that I was no longer in the presence of persons whose object it was to make me happy. My heart was ready to burst; and what added to my bitterness, was the fortitude with which I repelled the gushing tears. I was ashamed to be seen weeping, without having any other cause to assign than that I found myself at school, and checked the friendly tears which were alone capable of giving me relief. There seemed to be no hope—no comfort—no amusement, within my reach. The little urchins, who were to be my future companions, instead of diverting my sorrows, appeared to have a pleasure in increasing them, by the impertinence of their observations and the rudeness of their gaze. They flocked about me, and as they shouted 'a new boy is come,' 'a new boy is come,' I expected to have been hunted for their sport. Not a kind look, or a cheering voice, was to be found in the noisy throng; and it has often been a matter of astonishment to me, that, as all children have nearly the same feelings when first they go to school, they do not recollect their own sorrows, and offer some encouragement or consolation to the little unfortunate who is newly thrown among them. Perhaps I may draw forth many a smile by using such strong terms to express my petty affliction upon this occasion; but I insist upon it, that no words are too powerful to delineate the awkward and unhappy situation of my first debut as one of Mr. P——'s scholars. The sensibilities of childhood are extremely acute, whatever excites them, and I have to describe the magnitude of the effect, and not of the cause. Not that all boys suffer equally under similar circumstances, for I have heard many persons declare that they commenced their academic career without the least reluctance. Perhaps the seminary they went to was better conducted, or the home they had left was unlike that which I had to regret." (p. 3—5.)

We have next an account of his examination, and of the real or affected disappointment of his instructor, that at ten years of age, his intended pupil was wholly unacquainted with the rudiments of the Latin language, as set forth in those great canons of his pedantic criticism, the *Accidence*, *Propria quæ maribus*, and *As in præsentî*. An uncle, who was directed to exercise a friendly supervision over the boy, having ascertained that he had made at this place no improvement at all proportioned to the time that had been engaged, and observing the depression of his spirits from the severity with which he had been treated, after some conversation with Mr. P., determined that his protégé

should withdraw from a situation where all the promise of his early youth appeared to be likely to be unfulfilled.

We are now introduced to a Mr. H., to whose care the child was transferred. He was a clergyman, residing in a retired village, and was engaged in the education of three or four pupils. The plan adopted by this amiable and intelligent instructor, supplies the principal materials of the work, or the correction of those academic errors which are considered injurious to the instruction of youth. One of the first attacks upon these errors is made on the principle recognized by Mr. Locke.

"When we had concluded our syntax readings, Mr. H—— did not think it necessary to proceed with prosody, but deferred this study till I should have made some advance in the Latin poets.

"He judged it no easy matter to invite the student to take an abstract view of the art of poetry, when applied to a foreign language, 'ere he had entered the fields of his native muse, and determined that I should cull some of the flowers of British verse, before he taught me to admire the works of Roman genius. 'Prosody' is defined to be 'that part of grammar which teaches the quantity of syllables.'—

"But I am sure that no artificial key to poetry, can effectually open the secrets of metrical accuracy to the Latin scholar, until he has made some excursions into English rhythm, and accustomed his ear to the harmony of sounds in his own language.

"When I had been about a quarter of a year with Mr. H——, he put a dictionary and Latin testament into my hands, and told me that he now expected to find me able to make some application of our readings, and, with the aid of the dictionary and the instructions I had received, to render the first verse of St. John's gospel into English. Thus in three months I was qualified to perform a task, which could not have been executed at the end of twelve, had I been obliged to learn as much of the grammar by heart, preparatory to this lesson, as is done at schools in general." (p. 49—50.)

The plan with regard to arithmetic was also judicious.

"While I was at Mr. P——'s, arithmetic was my aversion, but Mr. H—— soon effected a change in my sentiments. He did not puzzle my brain with a multitude of terms before he initiated me into the first mysteries of the science; but by shewing me the rapidity with which he himself could make calculations, by playing with numbers in such a manner as to surprise and delight me, and by proving to me how I could facilitate many of my own calculations by the use of figures, he placed a new power and a new amusement within my reach, and rendered me ambitious of grasping at it. As soon as I discovered that there were varieties and combinations enough in the art of arithmetic to keep the mind in constant action,

and to simplify many of the transactions of life, I pursued the study with eagerness, pleased and proud at finding that the further I proceeded, the more I put myself in possession of truths and facts which would be a perpetual source of novelty, and furnish me with a stock of knowledge to which none but this science could give me access." (p. 65.)

Nothing can be more inefficient than the established mode adopted for the acquirement of the Greek language, and the scheme resorted to by Mr. H. will shew the facility with which the elementary difficulties may be surmounted, by commencing at the proper time, and accommodating the method to the infant understanding.

"I had made no further progress in Latin, than being able to construe two or three verses at a time out of St. John's Gospel, when, contrary to the common mode of instruction pursued with boys at my age, Mr. H—— gave me a Greek grammar, and ordered me to begin the elements of that beautiful language. It was an Eton grammar interleaved, and in the blank pages Mr. H—— had written in English the substance of some of the most material rules, of such only as were indispensable to a beginner. These rules in English I was directed to learn by heart, together with the most necessary among the Greek examples, omitting the rest as superfluous for a first essay. It was the object of Mr. H—— to familiarize me to Greek sounds and terminations, and to save me, as much as possible, the drudgery which is inseparable from grammatical study. In consequence of the mode here followed, the Greek tongue appeared to have very few difficulties: I proceeded cheerfully with my lessons, and felt proud at the imaginary honour of being put into Greek so soon. It will be here necessary to explain what were the rules which Mr. H—— rendered into English, and how much of the Greek grammar I learnt the first time I went through it.

"Beginning with the alphabet and articles, I proceeded to the five declensions of simple nouns only, omitting the contracted ones as too difficult for me at present. I learnt the examples as they stood, which Mr. H—— illustrated the more effectually by comparing them with the Latin declensions, and showing how nearly the terminations of each language are allied in case and sound. The rules and examples at the end of each declension were not consulted till I was older, and had made considerable progress in construing Greek, but those at the beginning were translated for my use after the following style:—

" 'The first declension has two terminations, $\alpha\varsigma$ and $\eta\varsigma$ of the masculine gender only, as δ ταμίας a steward, δ κριτής a judge.'

" 'The second declension has two terminations, α and η , of the feminine gender, as η μουσα, a muse, η τιμή, honour.'

"These will suffice to show how I proceeded with the declensions, omitting altogether whatever was likely to be above my capacity, or

too fatiguing to the memory. I must mention, that after I had repeated each example by heart as it stood in the book, Mr. H—— selected another noun of the same declension and termination, and pronouncing it, until I had acquired the sound, directed me to decline it according to the example I had before me. This facilitated the business to me in a very sensible degree.

“ That part of the grammar which treats of adjectives was abridged in the same manner as the other,—those which were contracted were passed over, and the easiest and simplest only formed my occasional lessons. Of the pronouns, I learnt by heart the primitive and relative only. When I came to the verbs, Mr. H—— explained to me (without translating or making me commit to memory the prefatory observations of the Eton grammar) that there are thirteen conjugations, six of which are distinguished generally by being called barytona, three by being contracted, and four by ending in $\mu\iota$. He then showed me how the conjugations of the first genus are known by their characteristic letters, and bade me learn by heart one example only of each. I next learnt the names of the tenses and the moods. The whole of $\tau\acute{\upsilon}\sigma\tau\eta\varsigma$, both active and passive, was of course imposed as exercises for the memory, as well as Εἰμί . The contracted verbs followed in their turn, and afterwards the verbs in $\mu\iota$, but the reader will understand that the examples were all that I had to attend to: the observations and directions subjoined to each were thought unnecessary for the present. The anomalous and defective verbs were also considered to be too perplexing for a beginner; therefore, instead of proceeding with these, I began the grammar a second time, and went through it as before. At the third attempt Mr. H—— added a few more rules, such as he judged to be within the reach of my understanding, and ordered me to attend to those declensions of contracted nouns and contracted adjectives which I had hitherto omitted. The numerals, irregulars, all the varieties of pronouns, and some of the leading rules, translated into English, for the formations of tenses, were likewise committed to memory; but I perfectly remember that I understood more of the subject from the explanations and exemplifications of Mr. H——, than from being able to repeat the rules themselves. Nothing, however, gave me so much difficulty as the anomalous and defective verbs which I had now to study: all depended upon the effort of memory, and therefore Mr. H—— insisted upon my learning them over and over again, until I was pretty perfect in these tiresome lessons. The adverbs, conjunctions, and prepositions, as they were also to be engraved on my memory, gave me no little trouble; but as I knew that these would crown the work, I toiled the more cheerfully, ambitious of exchanging the grammar for a lexicon. As soon as I had accomplished the last page of prepositions, I was exalted in my own opinion, and felt impatient of having some Greek task to construe, nor did Mr. H—— disappoint my expectation. I have made no mention of the syntax. My tutor thought

it quite sufficient to have explained the Latin syntax, and did not think it necessary to impose the whole of the Greek syntax upon me. For this reason, he merely pointed out such rules and distinctions as were most important, or such as are peculiar to the Greek language, and these I made myself acquainted with more by use than by rule. In fact, I may here notice that Mr. H—— purposely left the greater part of the observations in the grammar until I met with something in construing a sentence, which, by comparison with the rule, served to illustrate and familiarize it. There is such a variety of nouns, so many irregularities, so many differences of declensions, so many changes of termination, so many peculiarities in the forms and government of verbs, so many anomalies, dialects, licenses, and different significations throughout the Greek, (and indeed in almost every language,) that multitudinous as the rules already are, they are insufficient, and no recollection of them can answer the trouble of committing them to memory. It is an inexhaustible subject, which cannot be comprehended in any number of rules; consequently it is much better that young learners should be spared the perplexing labour of learning so many as are imposed upon them, and that it should be left more to time and to use, than to the laws of grammar, to make a perfect scholar." (p. 73—78.)

Mr. H. did not confine his instructions to mathematical and classical subjects, but English reading formed an essential part of his scheme, and to this was devoted a portion of the business of every day. Nor did he neglect a particular kind of light reading which is admirably calculated to excite the interest, and exercise the fancy of children: such as local descriptions, ballads, and fugitive pieces of poetry, especially where the scene lies in the vicinity of the dwelling of the pupil.

"Mr. H—— took advantage of this. In the neighbourhood of his residence there is a lovely spot, which from its picturesque and romantic beauties has obtained a place in the 'beauties of England.' We frequently rambled to this delightful point, and after I had several times expressed my admiration of it, Mr. H—— put the volume into my hands, which gave an accurate, but highly coloured description of the scenery. From the hour that I was thus enabled to compare the reality with the picture, not only did the spot itself seem to acquire a new interest, but I felt an enthusiastic fondness for readings of a similar nature, and whenever I met with a book which was likely to make the slightest mention of a town—a village—a hamlet, a river or even a brook, with whose situation I was acquainted, I turned eagerly to the page, and thus gathered instruction and amusement at the same time. There are few places of any celebrity in England, which did not by this means come under my review in some shape or other,—and if a taste for geographical

studies be valued either as useful, or elegant, it may be inspired by the simple mode which Mr. H— attempted.

“ Upon the same principle, and with the same success he taught me to love the sight of those little poetical tales which are founded upon some popular anecdote, by giving me one which had for its hero and heroine, two young persons, whose melancholy fate is still in the mouth of every inhabitant of L—. Their family is yet resident there—and the tale to which I allude is as well known as it is beautifully told in about 100 metrical lines, whose harmonious cadences, and the easy versification flow in the sweetest style of lyrical melody. I cannot mention it with greater particularity, because it would be the means of confirming identities, which may as well remain doubtful. I am detailing facts rather than fiction, but do not wish that the veil should be removed either from my own name or from the names of persons who would not chuse to be drawn into publicity. It cannot be doubted that local and popular descriptions either in prose or verse will create more interest than tales which relate to circumstances not familiar to the young reader, for the same associations which affect mature minds, cannot fail to have their weight with childhood which is so tender, flexible, and full of sensibility.

“ If fair Rosamond, and her mournful history interest us at 30 and 40, more when we are wandering near her bower at Woodstock, than when we are calmly perusing her misfortunes in Fleet-street, or St. James's, and if the brakes, and thickets of Merry Sherwood can bring Robin Hood before us more vividly, than Ritson's collections of ballads, just taken down from a book-shelf,—if sage and cautious maturity can fancy themselves in the real presence of these romantic personages, when transported to the scenes which were once imprinted by their footsteps, then surely the ‘ode on a distant prospect of Eton College’ will be read with more lively pleasure, by an Eton boy upon the spot, and Chevy Chace will be more likely to affect the son of a borderer, than the child of a merchant in London. Upon every occasion the place, and the description of it become so assimilated, and associated together, they give each other such an additional portion of interest, that we are sensible of the effect at all periods of life. If an admirer of our illustrious dramatic bard were going to spend a few days at Windsor, he would put the Merry Wives of Windsor in his pocket, to have the pleasure of reading the pranks which these ladies played off upon the very spot—and to study Shakespear's description of Hearne's oak under the remains of the venerable tree, which the poet depicts so exactly?” (p. 87—90.)

It is obvious, that the tutor's chief duties are, to regulate the imagination, to guard against error, and to direct the attention of the student to proper subjects, and to the books in which these are treated in a manner suited to his age and abilities; and the author thus describes the beneficial

effect which the fit attention to these matters had produced at a very early period of his life.

"When I was in my fourteenth year I had read more, and knew more, than most lads of that age; and if I could neither write Latin prose so elegantly, nor Latin verse so freely as many younger boys at public schools, yet I had enriched my mind with a larger fund of general information, and could enter with greater relish into the spirit of the Greek and Roman poets, and historians. Homer and Virgil were perfectly intelligible to me, Xenophon was not above my comprehension, and Cicero had few sentences which I could not render accurately into English. In arithmetic, there was nothing to puzzle me, from the first rule to the extraction of the square root; and as far as history went, every event, either in ancient or modern times, which could deserve a place in my recollection, was faithfully imprinted there. I had also made myself acquainted with the style and matter of our best English poets, *and knew enough of French to be able to read the language in prose, if not in verse.*" (p. 139.)

Mr. H., when his pupil had made this progress, succeeded to a handsome living, and resigned the youth who had been committed to his care into other hands, but not until (says the author) he had laid such a foundation as nothing but the greatest neglect could destroy.

The writer was afterwards introduced to one of our chief public schools. It was thought that Eton, Westminster, the Charter-House, &c. &c. were so many little commonwealths, where the young students are initiated into those principles and practices which they have occasion to cultivate in after-life; and that among other advantages, these establishments afford opportunities of forming friendships which may be of the greatest future utility. It is added, that a boy who distinguishes himself in such situations by his virtue, his courage, or his genius, is remembered and talked of in the great world, and that much of a man's success in arriving at the honours of society may be traced to the character which is gained in these principal seminaries. Be this reasoning false or correct, the author, as we have said, was sent to a public school, but which, he has not thought fit to acquaint us, and the result of his experience in such an institution he gives us in the eleventh, or concluding chapter of his work.

"I object to the system of public education as I found it at *****; but not to the system as it is capable of being introduced into each of the great schools, although it has been ridiculed as the visionary scheme of '*literary projectors.*' I wish to see more atten-

tion paid to the moral habits, to the natural designation of a boy's mind; more regard shown to his tastes and propensities. I am anxious to have such a system established as shall be capable of bringing forward the idle and dull, as well as the industrious and intelligent, as shall make something of them at least, though of course it is impossible to supply the want of native 'Indoles.' The sciences, the belles lettres, and above all English literature, and sound theological instruction should be admitted among the number of academic studies, and then a public school would be the noblest seminary that could be imagined. What were those glorious institutions which made men and patriots of the Spartans, what were those which inculcated truth and temperance among the Persian youth in the time of Cyrus, but public schools? With proper care and vigilance, vice may be kept out of a public school, almost as effectually as out of a private house, or even if it gain admittance, it must go lurking about, and dare not discover itself. As Quintilian says, a profligate domestic may do as much mischief in a family as a profligate boy in a school, and as caution and attention prevents it in one case, so it might be prevented in another. It is the fault of the masters then, and not the error of the institution, that vicious and profane manners diffuse themselves over a seminary, and they have to blame themselves that so much evil proceeds from a fountain of so much good.

"As boys may be spurred on by encouraging a spirit of emulation and rivalry, until they become excellent scholars, so by the same kind of incentives, they may be taught to rival each other in efforts of virtue. As pre-eminence is the high prize of all our contentions, why may not our youth learn to consider pre-eminence in virtue, as honorable and desirable as pre-eminence in learning? Or if *learning* must be the criterion, then let useful as well as elegant literature, conduct us to the envied goal. Let the living languages, as well as the dead, be taught, where at present they are totally neglected. For one of the greatest defects in the education of boys appears to me, to consist in their being brought up in such ignorance of all the modern languages of Europe. There are very few girls of sixteen or seventeen, who do not perfectly understand both French and Italian, (among such at least whose minds have been well cultivated,) while most boys of the same age, have but a smattering of bad French, and know no more of Spanish, Italian, or German, than they do of the longitude. For whatever profession they may be intended, a knowledge of these tongues would be of some use, and should they be sent into a military, naval, or diplomatic line, it would be of the utmost importance. When they leave school, they commonly consider themselves as set at liberty, and not only free from the necessity of pursuing any of their old studies, but as standing in need of no further instruction; consequently the time is gone by for improvement in these branches.

"The benefit which might be thus derived from a well-regulated

system of education is incalculable in all respects. Every body would be running a race at the same time; he would be rendered ambitious of excelling in some one art, or science, or virtue, if he could not aspire to excellence in all, and his mind would be constantly kept upon the stretch, and alive to every kindling impulse. He would feel the praises bestowed upon others stimulate himself to new exertions, and the reproaches which made another ashamed of his misconduct, would make him careful of his own behaviour. Each would ever be pressing forward without ever appearing to attain the object of his ambition, and the generous struggle would never cease until the hour of his being removed from the institution. These were my sentiments when I was at *****. I envied the opportunities which a good versifier had of distinguishing himself, and ardently longed for the means of showing that I had too the fire of ambition, and only wanted fuel to feed it. I saw how much might have been done in the little commonwealth, if the road to public honors had been equally open to all, that is to say, if there had been honors which every one might canvass for in his own way. In fact, when the term of my scholastic confinement was completed, and I quitted ***** to commence a new academic career on the banks of the Cam, I departed from it with this impression, that I had acquired but little where I might have learnt much, and that I had been wasting months and years at that kind of institution, which, of all others in the world, possesses the amplest means of diffusing general improvement. With proper regulations and management it might accelerate the progress of the idle, quicken the apprehension of the dull, reform the vicious, and confirm the good. At present, those alone who are naturally gifted with talents and energy, make their way through a public school with reputation and advantage. The rest lie dormant as it were, and where every individual might be transferred from school to society with the power and inclination to distinguish himself to a certain degree, a few only are inspired with the generous spirit, and these probably derive the impulse from themselves rather than from the agency of their instructors. But if our public seminaries will take a little more pains with the youth who are entrusted to them, and attend less to the niceties and subtilties of *grammar learning*, as it is called, and more to letters and improvement in general, they may still treat for a reservation of certain favorite studies, and at the same time furnish their country with erudite classics, elegant versifiers, with men of universal information, and with characters as eminent for their literary, as their virtuous reputation. (p. 208—213.)

There is no subject to which the human mind can be directed of more importance than education; and we think much valuable instruction regarding it is given in a very happy, familiar, and agreeable manner in this little production.

THE DRAMA.

ART. VIII.—*Manfred; a Dramatic Poem.* By LORD BYRON. 8vo. pp. 80. London, Murray, 1817.

“ There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

So says my Lord Byron's motto: and this we do most potently believe on the authority of the same mighty seer, who has revealed so many of these things for the delight and wonder and instruction of mankind. But we find none of them in the present poem, notwithstanding the implied promise in the title-page. It is a sad mistake into which our author, and a crowd of inferior writers, have fallen, who seem to think that the imagination of preternatural characters and incidents is one of the easiest productions of the mind; and that, provided their fantastic creation be what no philosophy ever dreamt of, it for that very reason has a poetic reality, which may find its place in the heaven or earth of their caprice. They have never made the discovery, that the seemingly wild and fanciful productions of Shakspeare—his Witches and Fairies, his Caliban, his Puck, and, in fact, every preternatural object—is remarkable for being at the same time a character connected with some scheme of popular religion or fable. The poetic truth exhibited in such creatures of pure imagination, has ever constituted the highest triumph of poetic genius; while the excellence of the poet's art has lain in the skill with which such beings are made to co-operate with the human characters brought into action with them.

We have no doubt, however, that Lord Byron, when he contemplated his own works, as exhibiting objects beyond the ordinary walk of philosophy, had particularly in view the hero of his poem, *Manfred*; which same hero is a mere personification of certain violent and excessive passions, without any relief or repose whatever,—a personage who, our readers know, is no novelty in the works of Lord Byron. It is the One frightful and odious being which seems to haunt and pollute his Lordship's imagination, of which the first imperfect delineation was given in *Childe Harold*, which was continued in the *Giaour*, the *Corsair*, &c. and will probably be again and again repeated in his Lordship's future works; until general disgust shall have succeeded to transient admiration, and the sycophantic flattery which has been poured upon him, shall be put to shame and silence

by the neglect of the public. We know, in fact, no writer of reputation so very monotonous as his Lordship: murder and incest are his favourite incidents; and these he delights to blend in combination with a character in which all the ordinary passions are wrought to the intensity of a convulsion, and sublimated by the operations of a fierce pride which triumphs in its own despair. Such is the hero to whom we are introduced on the present occasion.

The first scene exhibits Manfred alone in a Gothic gallery at midnight. From his soliloquy, we learn that he is exceedingly wretched, though he has essayed

“Philosophy, and science, and the springs
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world.”

He feels the curse of having no hopes, nor wishes, nor the love of any thing on the earth; and therefore is busied in invoking the spirits of the universe.—This scene is a gross plagiary from a great poet, whom Lord Byron has imitated on former occasions without comprehending. Göthe's *Faust* begins in the same way. *Faust* is with great propriety represented as having exhausted all human knowledge: his disease, his crime, lies in the perversion of a passion for knowledge—in the impious will of penetrating into the mysteries of the invisible world; he therefore makes a contract with an unholy spirit. But there is no propriety whatever in similar indications in the character of *Manfred*, and it is strict propriety alone which renders such conceptions both poetical and philosophical.

Manfred's first and second invocation are ineffectual, he therefore makes a third.

“Spirits of earth and air,
Ye shall not thus elude me: by a power,
Deeper than all yet urged, a tyrant-spell,
Which had its birth-place in a star condemn'd,
The burning wreck of a demolish'd world,
A wandering hell in the eternal space;
By the strong curse which is upon my soul,
The thought which is within me and around me,
I do compel ye to my will.—Appear!” (p. 9.)

The spirits of earth, ocean, air, night, mountains, winds, and *Manfred's* own star, successively sing in answer to these invocations. Like the ancient Homeric hymns, these songs contain a poetic enumeration of the qualities of the being,—in those hymns addressed,—in the present poem, singing.

They are, however, not in keeping with the awful gloom of the rest of the poem. We copy the shortest as a specimen.

“ *Voice of the THIRD SPIRIT.*

“ In the blue depth of the waters,
Where the wave hath no strife,
Where the wind is a stranger,
And the sea-snake hath life,
Where the Mermaid is decking
Her green hair with shells;
Like the storm on the surface
Came the sound of thy spells;
O'er my calm Hall of Coral
The deep echo roll'd—
To the Spirit of Ocean
Thy wishes unfold !” (p. 11.)

These spirits are very liberal of their offers to Manfred—but, as usual, are unable to give him the only thing he wishes for—“Oblivion, self-oblivion.” He rails at them for this in good set terms, and at length orders them to appear in their accustomed forms. They tell him they have no forms beyond the elements. He then orders the most powerful to take any shape he pleases. The seventh Spirit then appears in the shape of a beautiful female. This was probably the object of Manfred's love. He tries to clasp it: it vanishes. Manfred exclaims, that his “heart is crushed,” and he falls senseless. Then follows that very fine incantation, published before, beginning—

“ When the moon is on the wave,”

which was generally understood to be a poetic imprecation against the lady upon whom Lord Byron had written certain verses, without poetry, and disgraceful only to himself; and its introduction here will not repel that interpretation, for the incantation is utterly unintelligible in its present connection. The incantation does not suit either Manfred or any other person of the drama.

In the second scene we meet with Manfred on the summit of the Jungfrau Mountain in Switzerland; he addresses the earth, the sun, and the mountains with great eloquence, and deploras that he is spell-bound, and cannot hurl himself down the precipice. The colouring which his despair gives to the scene around him is frightfully magnificent.

“ The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,

Like foam from the roused ocean of deep Hell,
Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,
Heaped with the damn'd like pebbles.—I am giddy." (p. 24.)

In the mean while a chamois hunter approaches, and Manfred having at last wrought himself up to the act, is about to plunge down the abyss, but is saved by the hunter's interposition. This last scene is so finely composed, that it cannot but excite a lively regret that so much powerful writing should be wasted on a composition wanting the higher merits of character, action, and purpose.

The second act opens with a dialogue between Manfred and the hunter in an Alpine cottage. The intense misery of Manfred is manifested, but with no explanation of the cause. He is more communicative to the Witch of the Alps, whom he evokes in the next scene. To what mythology or popular superstition this witch belongs we do not know. When she first asks him what he wants with her,—he answers—

"To look upon thy beauty—nothing further."

However, on being further pressed, he confesses that he has a boon to solicit;—and, we presume, to excite her interest, portrays his own misanthropy.

"I said, with men, and with the thoughts of men,
I held but slight communion; but instead,
My joy was in the Wilderness, to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge
Into the torrent, and to roll along
On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave
Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow.
In these my early strength exulted; or
To follow through the night the moving moon,
The stars and their developement; or catch
The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim;
Or to look, list'ning, on the scattered leaves,
While Autumn winds were at their evening song.
These were my pastimes, and to be alone;
For if the beings, of whom I was one,—
Hating to be so,—cross'd me in my path,
I felt myself degraded back to them,
And was all clay again." (p. 33—34.)

He then proceeds to allude, mysteriously, to the source of his misery: he describes the single object of his attachment—whom he destroyed, not with his hand, but his heart,

whose blood was shed, but not by him : and then describes his consummate wretchedness. He implores the witch to raise the dead for him, which she is ready to do if he will swear obedience to her. This he indignantly refuses, and he dismisses her.

We are again brought to the summit of the Jungfrau, and are there introduced to the three *Destinies*, who are about to go to the Hall of Arimanes,—as Shakespeare's weird sisters are waiting for Hecate. A voice sings a few lines, which fix the time of the drama to be that of Buonaparte's return from Elba. His name is not mentioned, but the description cannot be mistaken, and afterwards they are joined by Nemesis, whose political lines are equally intelligible.

" *Nem.* I was detain'd repairing shattered thrones,
Marrying fools, restoring dynasties,
Avenging men upon their enemies,
And making them repent their own revenge;
Goading the wise to madness ; from the dull
Shaping out oracles to rule the world
Afresh, for they were waxing out of date,
And mortals dared to ponder for themselves,
To weigh kings in the balance, and to speak
Of freedom, the forbidden fruit.—Away !
We have outstaid the hour—mount we our clouds !" (p. 44.)

The next scene represents the Hall of *Arimanes*, to whom the spirits sing the following hymn:—

" *Hymn of the SPIRITS.*

" Hail to our Master!—Prince of Earth and Air !—
Who walks the clouds and waters—in his hand
The sceptre of the elements, which tear
Themselves to chaos at his high command !
He breatheth—and a tempest shakes the sea ;
He speaketh—and the clouds reply in thunder ;
He gazeth—from his glance the sunbeams flee ;
He moveth—earthquakes rend the world asunder.
Beneath his footsteps the volcanos rise ;
His shadow is the Pestilence ; his path
The comets herald through the crackling skies ;
And planets turn to ashes at his wrath.
To him War offers daily sacrifice ;
To him Death pays his tribute ; Life is his,
With all its infinite of agonies—
And his the spirit of whatever is !" (p. 45.)

Arimanes thus appears to be a sort of *Kehama*.

The Destinies and Nemesis having arrived, Manfred also enters, and is required to make such obeisance as is usual to all oriental despots; but a fit of piety comes over him—the redeeming virtue we suppose—and he exclaims—

“ Bid *him* bow down to that which is above him,
The overruling Infinite—the Maker
Who made him not for worship—let him kneel,
And we will kneel together.” (p. 47.)

The Spirits, incensed at this act of rebellion, are about to annihilate him, when the First Destiny takes Manfred under his protection, and Manfred requires (as before to the Witch) that the dead should appear. Accordingly Nemesis, in an incantation of doggerel rhymes, invokes the Phantom of Astarte—not the Syrian deity, but, as it appears from Manfred's impassioned address, his mistress,—and more than mistress—his . . . for that is all we ever know on the subject; though we suspect that the blank is to be filled up by some word importing near consanguinity.

“ ————— Thou lovedst me
Too much, as I loved thee: we were not made
To torture thus each other, though it were
The deadliest sin to love as we have loved.”

The Phantom, in spite of all entreaty, can be made to utter no other words than

“ Manfred, to-morrow ends thine earthly ills,”
with reiterated exclamations of “ Manfred!” and “ Fare-wel!”

It would be waste of words to remonstrate with such an author, on the blending of fabulous beings derived at once from the Grecian, Persian, and Gothic mythology; but the remark should be made, that when historical and dramatic propriety are alike disregarded, such inventions require even less talent than Lord Byron undoubtedly possesses.

With the second act, the interest of the piece ceases: the catastrophe has little effect after the anticipation of it. We have a short dialogue between Manfred and his attendant Herman, which informs us that certain arrangements are made in the tower of Manfred's castle. Then follows a more temperate scene:—the Abbot of St. Maurice comes to Manfred, and exhorts to abstain from impious dealings with unholy spirits. We copy one passage, which indicates something like a better spirit in Manfred at an earlier period of his life.

" Ay—father ! I have had those earthly visions
 And noble aspirations in my youth,
 To make my own the mind of other men,
 The enlightener of nations ; and to rise
 I knew not whither—it might be to fall ;
 But fall, even as the mountain-cataract,
 Which having leapt from its more dazzling height,
 Even in the foaming strength of its abyss,
 (Which cast up misty columns that become
 Clouds raining from the re-ascended skies,)
 Lies low but mighty still.—But this is past,
 My thoughts mistook themselves." (p. 59.)

Some unimportant scenes follow. The dependants of Manfred converse of old times, and are led to guess at the criminal intercourse which had taken place in the tower of the castle with

" The sole companion of his wanderings
 And watchings—her, whom of all earthly things
 That lived, the only thing he seem'd to love,—
 As he, indeed, by blood was bound to do,
 The lady Astarte, his———" (p. 66.)

We are at length introduced into the same tower, which having been the scene of guilt, is to be the place of punishment. After a very striking soliloquy, in which Manfred recalls to his mind a beautiful evening within the Coliseum walls at Rome, the Abbot again enters, and once more labours to rescue the unhappy Count from perdition—it was too late. A spirit (Manfred's genius) comes to summon him away—Manfred refuses to obey ; other spirits rise up—Manfred still resists—

" —————Back to thy hell !
 Thou hast no power upon me, *that* I feel ;
 Thou never shalt possess me, *that* I know."

In a tone of proud defiance, he adds—

" Thou didst not tempt me, and thou couldst not tempt me ;
 I have not been thy dupe, nor am thy prey :"

and so the demons disappear : but they are no sooner gone, than the Abbot perceives that the hand of death is on Manfred : he dies, after a few lines of less passion than almost any other in the piece ; and the Abbot, far from being assured by the confidence Manfred had evinced, reasonably enough exclaims—

" He's gone !—his soul hath ta'en its earthless flight !
 Whither ?—I dread to think—but he is gone."

Our copious extracts will enable our readers to judge of the *merit* of the poem—if that word can, in any sense, be applied to such monstrous productions. If the powers of Lord Byron were of a higher class than in fact they are, we should think his perversion of them a lamentable occurrence in the literature of the day; but such a perversion is a certain evidence of their inherent inferiority, not to say, worthlessness. With a profounder understanding, and a genuine sympathy with mankind, he would have comprehended the tragic relations of the human character; he would have known, that while the poet, equally tragic and moral, delights to exhibit man under the influence of those mighty and awe-exciting passions of which his nature is capable, and in those situations in which man seems to struggle with fate and providence,—he never fails to correct and qualify such representations, by affording a glimpse of the higher nature of man at the same time. Shakspeare has seldom conceived a monster, and then brought him but rarely into action; Lord Byron's joy is in the contemplation of monsters. His own conception of excellence, had he realized it in his works, would have produced at best a poetical Fuseli; but he has written with too little care and reflection, and his notions are too common-place and vulgar, to be entitled to that distinction; and we despair now of his ever obtaining higher praise than that of having collected together a greater mass of offensive and disgusting objects than any poet ever did before—of having aspired to heap together caricatures of enormous guilt, in which the criminal effect is exhibited nakedly, without the explaining, and therefore excusing cause, and which fill the imagination with images of guilt, which cannot at the same time serve as a lesson or a warning. We are persuaded that this is a fault into which no poet of first or even second rate worth has ever fallen: a serene and joyful, a comprehensive and an indulgent contemplation of human nature and society, is found in the works of all the great masters of poetry—even the Greek tragedians are hardly an exception.

An early oblivion to *Manfred* and the author's former writings, is equally desirable for the interest of good morals and good taste.

BIBLIOTHECA ANTIQUA.

" I study to bring forth some acceptable worke; not striving to shewe any rare inuention that passeth a meane man's capacitie, but utter and reuiue matter of some moment, knowne and talked of long ago, yet ouer-long hath been buried and as it seemeth laid dead, for anie fruite it hath shewed in the memory of man."—*Churchyard's Sparke of Friendship, to Sir W. Raleigh.*

ART. IX.—*The Bucoliks of Publius Virgilius Maro, Prince of all Latine Poets; otherwise called his Pastoralls, or Shepe-herd's Meetings. Together with his Georgiks or Ruralls, otherwise called his Husbandrie, conteyning foure books. All newly translated into English verse, by A. F. Imprinted at London, by T. O. for Thomas Woodcolke, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the blacke Beare, 1589. 4to. pp. 32 and 77.*

HAVING in our last number given the reader some specimens of a blank-verse translation of the *Æneid* of Virgil, we have chosen the above very rare performance, as a sort of continuation of the article: it is a blank-verse translation of the *Bucolics* and *Georgics*, but it does not, like Stanyhurst's performance, profess to be in the metre of the original. Abraham Fleming, the author of the production, the title of which we have copied above, has professed his object to merely to avoid the use of rhyme, and thereby to render his version more correct and literal. The first edition of his *Bucolics* was published in 1575, and the *Georgics*, according to Ritson, were afterwards added; but whether he means that they were so added before the complete edition of 1589, from which our extracts are made, does not precisely appear.

In the *Bibliotheca Anglo-poetica*, of Messrs. Longman and Co. a copy of the *Georgics* only is mentioned, dated in 1589, and differing in the title in some minute particulars: this perhaps is the first edition, of that division of the work, and probably both the *Bucolics* and the *Georgics* were afterwards printed together in the same year, and is the edition with the general title which we are now reviewing. The value of the complete work may be in some degree judged of, by the price asked by Messrs. Longman for the portion in their hands, which besides is defective at the end: they require fifteen guineas for the *Georgics* only.

Very few circumstances of the life of Abraham Fleming have been handed down to our day. It is generally stated,

that he was a clergyman, and rector of St. Pancras, Soper Lane; but there are some reasons for thinking that he was first brought up to the law. His principal patron was Sir William Cordell, Master of the Rolls to Queen Elizabeth; and to him Fleming dedicates two of his books now on our table; the one called "a Panoplie of Epistles, or a Looking Glasse for the vnlearned," published in 1576; and the other entitled "a Bright burning Beacon forewarning all wise Virgins to trim their lampes," &c. 1580,* being a

* These tracts are of great rarity, especially the last, and are mentioned by few of our learned bibliographers. The first is a judicious collection of epistles, translated from Cicero, Pliny, Isocrates, and other ancient authors, and from Roger Ascham and Walter Haddon, celebrated English Latinists. The collection is preceded by a curious dialogue between a *Maister* and a *Scholar*, on the subject of writing letters; in which is a commendation of Coriolanus, not referred to by the indefatigable searchers after every trifle regarding Shakespeare. In this conversation several translations from Homer, Virgil and Horace are introduced. Nearly the whole of the dedication is an allegory, not very well wrought nor newly imagined. We will, however, give a short extract from it, on account of its curiousness.

"Passing of late through many a peece of land, pleasaut in view and profitable in vse, it was my happie chance to haue entrance into a goodly Gardene plott, which as it was large and of an exceding great compasse, so was it beautified with flowers of all sortes, both delightsome to the eye, in consideration of their variable colours: and comfortable to the nose, in respect of their excellent sweetnesse. And no meruaile though this Gardene plott were so goodly and so great: for, as in number they were (in manner) infinite, which had recourse thereunto: so the multitude of cunning and skilful Gardeners, (whose most luckie handes sowed the singular seedes, of which these fine flowers tooke roote in the ground, sproug & spread with leaues and blossoms of glorious hewe) was innumerable. After I had sett my foote within the fences of this riche and coastly Garden, (passing for pleasantnesse, & excelling for largenesse, all the Gardens that are to be seene in this our age, albeit the heades of people were neuer so inuentiue and curious, & their hands at no time so artificiall and cunning :) I sawe a footepathe before mee, not verie plaine to perceiue, because it was not much vsed and troden, yet not so onergrowne with greene grasse, but that it might easily enough be seene: then pausing a space, as being in doubt to goe forward, considering the greatnesse of the Garden, the manifold corners, the crooked turnings, and the compassing arbours of the same, least by presuming too farre, I should loose my selfe, as it were in a Labyrinth: and musing thus in minde, as burthened with uncertaintie, what were most auaylable for me to attempt, a soudeine cogitation concerning the present vse and benefite of this pleasant plott, ouercame me as it were with enchantmentes, insomuch that I, feeling in mee selfe no abilitie to withstaunde so forceable an assault, as one amased, leasurly began to to foote it forward: anon, haueing gone a litle ground, mine eyes were fead with most delectable appearaunces, & my nostrells with most comfortable sauours, so that there began to kindle in mee a certaine affection of ioy and gladnes-e, and therewithal sprang, to the increase of my courage, a hope of good happ after to issue: whereuppon I waxed venturous, and like a confident fellowe amended my pase, perswading my selfe, that in so heauenly a paradise there was no daunger, and alwayes as I did proceede, so new and fresh delights, were plentifully offered."

treatise on the celebrated earth-quake of 6th of April in that year: in the dedication the author notices another production by him, containing "the general doctrine of blazing Starres," presented to Sir W. Cordell about two years before. A. Fleming was a native of London, and had a brother of the name of Samuel, who seems also to have had a turn for poetry, but none of his performances have been preserved in any collection.

We shall not attempt here to give a list of the productions of this voluminous and industrious author; those in which any poetry is inserted are mentioned by Ritson in his *Bibliographia Poetica*, with the exception of the two pieces above mentioned, which he had never seen, and a few lines at the end of B. Gooze's translation of Palengenius's *Zodiac of life*, edit. 1588.—Tanner—(*Bibliotheca*, 287) says that Abraham Fleming was much employed in correcting, augmenting and editing the second impression of Holinshed's *Chronicles*, 1585, the indices to which were of his compilation. This was a work of great labour, as every person who has inspected those indices must be aware that they are completed with a fulness and a precision extremely exemplary. In general the productions of our author, are of a religious and moral turn, not a little marked by the severity of puritanism.

The second piece mentioned in the text above "a Bright burning Beacon," 1580, is principally valuable for an enumeration it gives of other writers of that day upon the same subject. Their names are given at the end of the contents. viz.

Francis Shackleton
Thomas Twine
R.chd. Tarlton
Robt. Gittins

Arthur Golding
Thos. Churchyard
John Phillips
John Grafton

Abr. Fleming.

Shackleton was "a minister and preacher of the Worde of God," and his pamphlet is merely a pious exhortation. Golding's tract is much of the same kind, but contains the following singular passage against Sunday-plays, which has never been quoted by any historian of the stage. "The Saboth dayes and holy dayes, ordayned for the hearing of God's word to the reformation of our lyves, for the administration and receiving of the Sacrements to our comfort, for the seeking of all thinges behouefull for bodye or soule at God's hande by prayer, for the mynding of his benefites and to yeelede praise and thanks to him for the same, and finally for the speciall occupying of ourselves in all spirituall exercises: is spent full heathenishly in tauerning, tipling, gaming, playing, and beholding of Beare-baytings and Stage-playes, to the vtter dyshonor of God, impeachment of all godlynesse, and vnnecessarie consuming of mennes substances, which ought to be better employed."

Churchyard's tract "set forth in verse and prose," and printed by John Alde, 1580, is well known: the discourses of Twine, Tarlton, Gittins, Phillips, and Grafton, have not come within our reach.

It was complained, that in our last article upon Stanyhurst's *Virgil*, the extracts we gave were scarcely sufficient to enable the reader to judge fairly of the singular structure of the verse. We have already observed, that *Fleming* makes no pretensions to write hexameters or pentameters, or any other ancient measure; he merely uses the old English ballad metre of fourteen syllables, without "foolish rhyme;" for which he professes, in his prefatory matter to the *Bucolics*, a great contempt, observing that the nice observation of it "many times darkeneth, corrupteth, perverteth, and falsifieth both the sense and the signification:" he seems afterwards to have repented of this general condemnation; for in his edition of the *Georgics*, he promises at some future period, to make his translation "run in round rhyme."

The first edition of the *Bucolics* was dedicated to Peter Osborne, Esq. but the present is inscribed "To the most reverend Father in God, John Archbishop of Canterbury, Primat and metropolitane of England, A. F. wisheth abundant increase of all heavenly and spiritual blessings;" and it is in these terms:

"My very good Lord, your benevolence and beneficence towards me is so manifold, and the duty which I owe your Grace is so great, that the thinking upon the one doth not so much increase my comfort, as the conscience of the other dooth aggravat my shame: my shame, as utterly unable any way in worthiness to deserve the least tittle of your goodnesse, of your goodnesse heretofore most bountifully extended, and yet (to the binding of me your perpetuall votarie) graciously intended. May it now please your Grace to accept at my hands this oblation of goodwill, namely the *Bucoliks* (or *Pastoralls*) of *Virgill*, translated by me into English verse, in a familiar phrase, and fitted to the conceipts of weake Grammarians. It may seeme at the first blush (I confesse) too too base for you (in respect of your gravitie, of your eminencie, of your employments) to looke into, to read, to like, to allow: but sundrie circumstances not obvious to all, doo so countenance and dignifie the same, as it may wel beseeeme a personage of estate. The principall occasion of writing these pastoralls was the maiestie of *Julius Cæsar* and of *Augustus* his sonne: the perswader of the poet thereunto was *Asinius Pollio*, a courtier of great honour and in speciall favour; the one of them *Virgill* doth magnifie, the other he doth commend; *Augustus* for restoring him to his lands in *Muntua*; *Asinius* for being a meane of obtaining the same. The matter or drift of the poet is meere allegoricall, and carrieth another meaning than the litterall interpretation seemeth to afford; as in the maine argument following, and likewise the particular before every *Eclog*

orderly placed, manifestly appeereth. I beseech your Grace to bestow but the looking heereupon, and to esteeme it as it is, even a perle in a shell, divine wit in a homely stile, shepherds and clownes representing great personages, and matters of weight wrapt up in countrie talke. So that (my very good Lord) the matter and manner with the fame of the man, as they moved me to undertake this travell; so being finished, I offer it vnto your Grace, as also the Georgiks, in like sort laboured of me, enabled by almightie God, whose holy hand be euermore present with your Grace, Amen.

*Your Graces most bounden and alwaies
to be commanded, A. F.*

We are then furnished with "the maine arguments of Virgil's Bucolics or Pastoralls," which gives a full account of the birth, parentage, and education of Virgil, and relates "the occasion which moved him to write his pastorals," and his restoration to his possessions at Mantua, after the contest with Arius the Centurion. He then proceeds to shew that "the order of Virgil's poetries is answerable to the degrees of his life;" and concludes the argument as follows, explaining his design, and how far he has accomplished it.

"Now, forsomuch as there bee three kinds of writing or speaking by art (according to Tullie) the first homely and base, the second meane and indifferent, the third stately and aloft; the poet therefore very aptly doubtlesse hath vsed these three kinds of art: for his Pastoralls are written in a base, his ruralls in a meane, and his martialls in a lofty style. Wherefore, such as meane to be acquainted with poetrie, let them begin with these Pastoralls, as the Italians do, whose youths or Grammar boyes do learne these said Pastoralls perfectly, and thereby proove learned youngmen, wittie and rare poets, daintie in deuise, abounding in matter, neat in words, and curious in order. As for the fondlings of our time, they make it a heinous matter to meddle with poetrie at all; without the which I am of opinion (let who list think I mainteine a paradox) none can become learned indeed; none can understand those ancient diuines, diuines I call them, and I wot well why; none can auoid offence in pronounciation &c: they that know any thing will confesse no lesse than I say.

"Wherefore I, for the profit and furtherance of English youths, desirous to learne and delighted in poetrie, haue (by the gracious assistance of almightie God, and without whom we can do nothing (no not in the meere natural actions) assaid, trauersed and finished the translation of *Virgil's* Bucoliks or Pastoralls, not in foolish rime, (the nice observation whereof many times darkeneth, corrupteth, perverteth, and falsifieth both the sense and the signification) but in due proportion and measure; plain I confess and easie

withall (for so I desired and stroue with my wits to answer my will) that young Grammar boyes, may euen without a schoolemaister teach themselves by the helpe hereof. For these Pastoralls (the beginning of poetrie) being understood and learned, the entrance and proceeding in greater matters will haue the lesse hardnesse. As for enuie I defie it; and to find faults I wish silence, whose only work it is to barke at other mens painful labours, themselues in the meane time more barren than ferne, and bringing forth nothing (if at any time they fall in trauel) but what they are conceived withall by the use of other mens books; and (which is a fault insufferable and ouersaucie) they read and learne nothing but what they may controll, and cannot correct, whom I haue sowed in their follie or rather malice, as men utterly unworthie of the words alreedy written; of more, amending their manners, but first renewing their mind, which is the worke of Gods only spirit, obtained by praier, the meane wherby Gods Maiestie will vouchsafe to stoope and talke with the vilenesse of mankind and graunt their petitions that pray in true beleefe, which he give vs that made vs, Amen. FINIS."

Before we commence our quotations, it is necessary to premise (as indeed our readers would discover by a slight comparison with the original) that Fleming has been every now and then under the necessity of inserting a word of one or two syllables, for the purpose of completing his verse of fourteen, which sometimes, but not often, is not quite filled by the sense of the original. These words are placed within brackets, as well as such as are understood in the Latin, and in English are necessary to make the sentence intelligible. The first eclogue is opened in the subsequent manner: the reader must take care to place the cœsura after the eighth syllable, even though it fall in the middle of a word, or what little harmony and measure there is in the lines, will be entirely lost.

The speakers are Melibey and Tityrus; Melibey representing a Citizen or townsman of Mantua, and Tityrus the person of Virgill.

- "Me. O Tityrus thou lieng vnder shade of spreading beech
Doost play a countrie song vpon a slender oten pipe,
We do forsake our countrie bounds, and medowes sweete, [which
be]
We doo for sake our native soile, thou Tityr slug in shade
Doost teach the woods to sound so shrill, thy love faire Amaryll.
"Ti. O Melibey, [our] god hath wrought this quietnesse for us,
For he shall ever be my god, his altars oftentimes
A tender lambe out of my folds shall colour and imbrue,
He suffered my sheepe to stray [and feed] as thou dost see,
And ceke my selfe on countrie pipe to play what songs I would.

" *Me.* I doo not grudge at this thy good, but rather woonder I
That troubles so exceeding great, feelds over every where,
Yet see my selfe a sickly man, doo drive my gotes aloofe,
O *Tityrus* this gote also scarce do I leade or guide:
For but a while ago euen heere, among the hazels thicke,
Foorth having brought with mickle paine, her twins, [a he and
shee]

My hope of flocke, upon a flint bare shee [alacke] them left,
I doo remember well the okes, from heaven which were toucht,
Foretold us [many a time] and oft of this foule euil lucke,
If that our mind vntoward [stand stark foolish] had not beene,
Oftimes the crow from hollow holme foretold unhappy newes,
But yet what god this is give us O *Tityr* t'understand.

" *Tit.* O *Melibey* I foolish man, thought that the citie, which
They do call *Rome*, was like to this of ours, whereto full oft
We shepheards use to drive the ten-der weanlings of our sheepe,
I know also that puppies yoong are like their bitch [or dam]
And kids to gotes, so great with small I used to compare.
But this did lift her head so high among all other townes,
As cipres trees are woont among the oziers apt to bend.

" *Mel.* And what so great occasion was to thee of seeing *Rome*?

" *Tit.* Even libertie, which late did looke upon me sloven like,
But fairer now my beard is falne, with poultung it away.
Yet libertie hath lookt on me, and after long is come,
Even after *Amaryllis* hath and *Galath* left us quite,
For (I will now confesse the truth) whiles *Galath* did possesse me
Ne hope was there of liberty, ne care of cattel mine,
Though many a sacrifice did go out of my sheepcotes then,
And good fat cheeses prest and made for that unthankfull towne,
Yet never full of money came my right hand backward home."

We shall extract the whole of the celebrated 4th Eclogue,
with the argument supplied by the translator.

" *The Fourth Eclog of Virgil, intituled Pollio, or the birth day of
Salonius.*

" THE ARGUMENT.

" *Asinius Pollio*, an excellent orator and captaine of the Germane
host under *Augustus*, after his taking of the citie of *Salonæ* in *Dal-*
matia, having triumphed, he was advanced to the office of Consull.
Not long after this he begat a sonne, whom he named *Salonius*, in
memorie of the citie *Salonæ*, which he had conquered and taken.
For this young babe's sake newly borne, as also (and that principal-
lie) to please the father, who was in great favour with *Augustus*,
Virgill, (whom *Pollio* greatly esteemed, relieved and maintained),
in this eclog describeth the birth of the said *Salonius*. Wherein
this is to bee marked, that such things as the prophetesse *Sybilla*,

of *Cuma*, foretold of the coming and birth of Christ, (as Lactantius, Eusebus, and Augustine doo testifie); the poet utterly ignorant of that divinitie, applieth to the happinesse of Augustus, his government, and also to the child Salomine. And because this eclog as likewise two more, are of somewhat a loftier stile than beseemeth the argument of a pastorale devise, the poet beginneth very modestly with an honest confession or preface, as followeth.

" *In this eclog the Poet speaketh alone.*

" O Muses of *Sicilia* ile let's greater matters sing
 Shrubs, groves, and bushes lowe, delight and please not every man,
 If we do sing of woods, the woods be worthy of a consull,
 Now is the last age come whereof Sybilla's verse foretold,
 And now the virgin come againe, and Saturne's kingdome come ;
 Now is [a sonne] an ofspring new sent down from heaven high,
 Of chaste Lucina, favour thou the boy that's now in birth,
 By whom the yron nation first shall cease to have an end,
 And over all the world this golden age shall rise [and spring.]
 O *Pollio* truly of this age the beauties and the hew,
 Shall [then] begin [when] thou art con-sull, and the moneths great
 Shall [then] begin [forward to go and orderly] proceed
 If any marke or notes of our offense doo yet remaine,
 The same made void deliver shall, the earth from endlesse feare,
 Thou being guide and governor he [*Cæsar* I do meane]
 Shall take his life of gods [above], and also he shall see
 Most noble states with heavenly gods mingled [in companie],
 And he likewise himselfe shalbe of them beheld and seene
 And shall with father's virtues rule the world in quiet sel :
 O child the ground shall yield to thee her first fruits, little gifts,
 No dressing [thereupon bestowed] in places every where,
 Even yuie spreding of itselfe with gentle lady flowre,
 And beanes of *Ægypt* mingled with that pleasant beatefoot herbe,
 The little gotes themselves shall beare home to their [maister's
 house]
 Their dugs stuf full of milke, the herds [of cattel] shall not feare
 The lions great and terrible, the very cradle too
 [Wherein the infant lies] shall yeeld faire lovelie flowre to thee,
 The serpent perish shall and dy, the herbe of poison too
 [Which is] deceptfull, it shall die [and withering fall away],
 And deintie grapes of *Syria* shall very common grow,
 And herewithall when as thou shalt the fame and praises read
 Of noble men and therewithall thy father's acts and deeds,
 And shall perceive and understand what [heavenlee] virtue is,
 Then shall the feed wax yellowish by little and by little,
 With soft and tender eares of corne, and ruddie grapes shall hang
 On thorne vntwin'd [and wilde], hard okes shall sweat honny-like
 deaw :

But yet of old deceit and guile a few marks shall remaine
Which may command to try the sea with ships and compasse
townes

With walls, and cut in furrowes deepe into the ground [with plow],
Another *Typhis* then shall live, another *Argus* too,
Which may convey and carry cho-sen men of noble race ;
Then also other warres shal be, and once again to Troy
Achilles great and valiant shallbe [set out] and sent,
Then hereupon soone after that thy [yeares] and settled age
Hath made thee be a matt, the mer-chant he shall leave the sea,
The ship of pine tree shall not change her merchandize [and wares],
All kind of ground all kind of things shall [carrie yeeld and] beere,
The earth shall bide no rake, the vine no hedgebill shall abide,
The plowman now shall loose the yokes from strong and sturdy
buls,

The wool shall learne to counterfeit colours of divers kinds,
But in the meadowes shall the ram his woollen fleeces change,
Now into purple sweetly red, now yellow saffron hew,
A colour bright and flaming red shall of it owne accord
Clothe [and adorne] the lambs a fee-ding in the pasture field.
The fatall ladies all agree-ing in the stedfast law
And mightie power of destinie, said to their spindels [thus]—
Run on such seasons [golden times and happier ages still],
O deere offspring and child of gods, O great increase of Jove,
Great honours undertake, the time [ordain'd] will shortly be.
Behold the world now staggering, with burthen crooked bent,
The land, the coasts of sea, the heaven profound and passing high,
Behold how all things joy at this same [golden] time to come.
O that the last part of my life might last so long to me,
My breath also, as might suffice to tell thine acts and deeds,
Not *Orph.* of *Thrace* should pass me then in [sweet melodious]
songs,

Nor *Linus* neither, though the mother of the one were by,
And th' other's father present too, *Calliope* the muse
Is *Orpheus'* mother, and of *Line* *Apollo* [father] faire
'Though *Pan* should strive with me in [song], *Arcadia* being judge,
Even *Pan* would say hee's overcome, *Arcadia* being judge.
O little boie begin to know thy mother by thy laughing,
Ten months brought unto mother thine both long and tedious
toiles.

O little boy begin [to know thy mother by thy laughing],
At whom thy parents laughed not [when thou was but a babe],
Ne god thought worthie of his boord, ne goddesse of her bed."

Having given these tolerably ample specimens of the mode in which the author has executed his task in the *Bucolics*, we shall not enter so much at length into the version of the *Georgics*, which, though a later production, is not

rendered into English with the same facility: the parentheses are more numerous, and here and there we find lines with redundant syllables, when the erasure of such important words as *also* and *likewise* would have remedied the defect. On the whole, the performance is more careless and less literal; and the beginning of the first book is a singular instance of expansion and dilation, without one recommendation. This portion of the volume has a separate title, in which all the various agricultural subjects on which the author gives instruction, are enumerated: it is, like the *Bucolics*, dedicated to Archbishop Whitgift. We gather from the address "to the Reader whatsoever," that the translation of the *Bucolics* had been censured by some persons, and this probably was the reason for the promise contained in the first two or three lines of the quotation we now make.

"The translator's meaning is, when occasion serveth, to make this interpretation of his run in round rime, as it standeth now upon bare metre; partly to discharge his sufficiencie, and partly to please the readers fantasie: desiring them to beare with such shifts as they shall see used heere and there for the conveiance of the poets sense in plaine words applied to blunt capacities, considering the expositor's drift to consist in delivering a direct order of construction for the releefe of weake grammaticists, not in attempting, by curious deuise and disposition, to content courtly Humanists, whose desire he hath been more willing at this time to suspend, because he would in some exact sorte satisfie such as need the supplie of his travell, remembering the old metrical proverbe—" *Deficit ambobus, qui vult servire duobus.*" Elisions are sometimes used, so are sections or divisions of whole words in the conclusion of a verse and line; which being ordinaire among Latine poets, is the more sufferable in English, how unsweete a sound so ever they seeme to make in the eare. In breefe, let the difficulty and tediousnes of the travell obtaine a tolleration against all reprehensive chalenges, and a good licence for such voluntarie errors, as the committing whereof is lesse discommendable, than the intermitting or omitting of the same is praise-worthie, the one in respect of plaine sense without fine words, the other in regard of fine phrase with erroneous sense. Howsoever it be done take it as it is;—that labourer is too bad a bungler, whose worke is not worth a good word. *Vale.*"

It is ludicrous sometimes to observe the manner in which Fleming introduces into his verse explanatory parentheses, where he thinks the author has not been sufficiently explicit; but there is no passage to which this remark more applies than the following, taken from the second book, and

which in the original begins at the line, *Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem.*

" Joine [thereunto] so many ci-ties rare and excellent,
And labour too of workes [that is of handicrafts and trades],
So many townes heapt up with hand of rough and broken stones,
And floods or rivers under flow-eng th' old and ancient walls.
Why should I reckon up the sea [surnamed *Adrian*]
Which washeth [*Italie*] above [eastward to *Venice*] or
[The sea surnamed *Tyrrhen*] which doth wet the same beelow,
[Westward to *Anne* ? *Italie* betweene two seas doth lie]
Or [should I recon] lakes so great ? O *Larius* greatest [lake].
And thee, *Benacus*, rising up with fouds and sea-like rage ?
Or should I havens heere recount, or closures [stops and letts],
[Joynd and set to *Lucrine* lake by *Julius Cæsar* drift],
Or [tell how] that the sea became displeasd, and moved sore
[Bicause his current was cut short] with noise and roarings great,
[Even there] where *Julian* streams sound far with sea poud in
again,

And where the flowing *Tyrrhen* sea is let into *Averne* streicts.
This selfe same *Italie* doth shewe [faire] draines of silver, and
In vains [of th' earth] meatals of brasse and floweth much with
gold.

This *Italie* advanced hath an egar kind of men,
The *Marses* and the Sabell youths ; and the *Ligurians*
Accustomed to wickednes [enur'd to labour hard] ;
The *Volces* also bearing darts [or sppudds in shape of spits],
The *Decies*, *Maries*, and the great *Camillaes* [gentlemen],
The *Scipios* hardie [stowt] in warre, and the most mighty *Cæsar*,
Who being conqueror even now in *Asia's* furthest coasts,
Doost turne away th' unwarlike *Jude* from territours of *Rome* ;
O *Saturn's* land [our *Italie*] great mother thou of fruites,
Great [mother thou] of men, all haile : [*Salve*, well maist thou
fare],

I enter for thy sake on things of old and ancient praise,
And of good skill, being bold t'unshut or open holie springs,
[Or founteins of the *Muses*, or of sacred things the secrets,]
And through the townes of *Rome* I sing th' Ascrean [poets] verse.

The words between brackets often serve the purpose of marginal notes ; of which, however, there is a pretty plentiful sprinkling, displaying considerable learning on the part of the translator, who, in his endeavour to make his author perfectly intelligible, has now and then made himself a little ridiculous. The work, however, is not without its value (we do not, of course, mean the artificial value which a few curiosity-collectors may affix to it) as the earliest version of that part of the works of Virgil, and as a depository of many expressive and significant English words now considered obsolete.

ART. X.—*Pappe with an hatchet. Alias, A figge for my God sonne: Or Cracke me this nut: or a Countrie cusse, that is, a sound boxe of the eare for the ideot Martin to hold his peace, seeing the patch will take no warning. Written by one that dares call a dog a dog, and made to prevent Martins dogdaies. Imprinted by John Anoke and John Astile, for the Baylerie of Withernam, cum privilegio perennitatis, and are to be sold at the signe of the crab tree cudgel in thwack-coate lane. — A sentence. Martin hangs fit for my mowing.*

THIS piece has no date, but was no doubt printed before 1590. Most writers agree in assigning it to the notorious and witty Thomas Nash, about whom we have said so much in the course of these articles, that we shall think it necessary to add nothing more at present. Mr. Reid, however, in his edition of Dodsley's Old Plays, attributes it John Lilye, author of *Euphues*, &c. but without stating any authority, and the internal evidence is very much indeed against such a supposition.

The celebrated contest maintained for some time by the Puritan, John Penry—or, as he was commonly called, Martin Mar-prelate,—against the Bishops, in the reign of Elizabeth, is well known to all who are at all acquainted with the history of that period. For some time, as Mr. D'Israeli observes, he was opposed by serious argument; but he beat his antagonists from the field, and it was not until the Episcopalians employed Thomas Nash, and other wits of that age, to lash him and his party with the scourge of satire and ridicule, that he could be quelled. The above is one of the many pieces written against Penry, and which was extremely popular in its time.* *Pap with a hatchet seems*

* One of the very rarest of these pieces was lately sold by Mr. Sotheby for a very high price: it only consisted of four leaves. The title-page was the following.

“ MAR-MARTINE.

“ I know not why a trueth in rime set out
Maie not as wel mar Martine and his mates,
As shamelesse lies in prose-books cast about
Mar-priests and prelates, and subvert whole states.
For where truth builds, and lying overthroes
One truth in rime, is worth ten lies in prose.”

It consists of a series of short poems, in Scotch and English dialects, against the Puritans, and seems to refer to the title of the work we are reviewing.

“ *Crack me this nut, thou gentle blood,
Whose father was but Robin-hood.*”

to have been a cant phrase, implying at once puerility and severity, and may receive illustration from the following lines in an epigram by Sir John Harrington, (lib. iv. Epig. 63, edit. 1634,) addressed to Pius V., who excommunicated Queen Elizabeth:—

“ Learn, learn to ask your milk, for if you snatch it,
The nurse shall send you babes *pap with a hatchet.*”

The tract before us is praised in another piece of the same kind and with the same purpose, called “ An Almond for a Parrat,” also attributed to T. Nash, but it is not probable that they were both by the same man: Martin Marprelate is there told that he was “ not many moneths since moste wittily scofte at by the extemporall endeavour of the pleasant author of *Pap with a hatchet.*” The pamphlet under review begins in terms often afterwards quoted and laughed at.

“ Roome for a royster; so thats well said, itch a little further for a good fellowe. Now have at you all, my gassers of the rayling religion, tis I that must take you a peg lower. I am sure you looke for more worke, you shall have wood enough to cleave; make your tongue the wedge, and your head the beetle, He make such a splinter runne into your wits as shall make them ranckle till you become fooles. Nay, if you shoot bookes like fooles bolts, He be so bold as to make your judgements quiver with my thunderbolts. If you meane to gather clowdes in the Commonewealth, to threaten tempests, for your flakes of snow weele pay you with stones of hayle; if with an Easterly winde you bring Caterpillars into the Church, with a Northerne winde weele drive barrennes into your wits.

“ We care not for a Scottish mist, though it wet us to the skin, you shall be sure your cockscombs shall not be mist, but pearst to the skuls. I professe rayling, and I think it as good a cudgel for a Martin, as a stone for a Dogge, or a whippe for an Ape, or poyson for a rat.”

In another place there is a remarkable plagiarism from Spenser, applying what he says of poetry to letters generally—

“ Els litrature mon spredde her winges, and piercing welkin bright
To heaven from whence she did first wend, retire and take her flight.”

It is concluded by some of the best English hexameters we have seen.

We may here notice a small work now lying before us, dated in 1559, with the following title: “ Th’ appellation of John Penri, vnto the High court of Parliament from the bad and injurious dealing of the Archb. of Canterb. and other his colleagues of the high Commission: Wherein the complainant, humbly submitting himselfe and his cause vnto the determination of this honorable assembly: craueth nothing els, but either release from trouble and persecution, or just tryall.”

This is a very curious historical document, and we believe is the only copy known. It is in small 8vo. and contains 52 pages.

This epistle is signed "Double V," which may not im- probably mean N, for Nash, which is formed of two V's, one upright and the other reversed. In an address "to the indifferent Reader," a reason is assigned for pursuing the present mode of arguing with Martin Mar-prelate.

"If they be answered by the gravitee of learned Prelates, they presentlie reply with railings; which argueth their intent to be as farre frō the truth of devotion as their writings from mildnes of spirit. It is said that camels never drinke till they have troubled the water with their feete, and it seemes these Martins cannot carouse the sapp of the church till by faction they make tumults in religion. Seeing thē either they expect no grave replies, or that they are settled with railing to replie, I thought it more convenient to give them a whisk with their owne wand than to have them spurd with deeper learning.

"The Scythian slaves, though they be up in armes, must bee tamde with whippes, not swords, and the mutiners in Church matters must have their mouthes bungd with jests not arguments."

The main body of the piece then begins, which, after a blustering opening, proceeds to a logical and punning syllogism, to prove that Martin Mar-prelate and his adherents ought to be hanged—it is this:

"Tiburne stands in the cold,
But Martins are warm fur;
Therefore, Tiburne must be furred with Martins."

The following story is well told:—

"There came to a Duke in Italie a large lubber and a beggarlie, saying he had the Philosopher's Stone, and that he could make gold faster than the Duke could spend it; the Duke askt him why he made none to mainteine himself? Because, quoth he, I could never get a secret place to worke in; for once I endeavoured and the Pope's Holinesse sent for me, whom, if he had caught, I should haue been a prentice to mainteine his pride. The Duke minding to make trial of his cunning, and eager of golde sat him to worke closely in a vault where it was not known to his neerest servants. This Alecunist, in a short time consumed two thousande pound of the Duke's gold, and brought him half a ducket: whie (quoth the Duke), is this all? All, quoth he, my Lord, that I could make by Art. Wel, said the Duke, then shalt thou see my cunning: for I will boile thee, straine thee, and then drie thee, so that of a lubber that weighed three hundred weight, I will at last make a dram of knave's powder. The Duke did it."

How disinterested the subsequent eulogy of Queen Elizabeth may be, or how true it is, is not of much consequence.

" Her sacred majestie hath this thirtie yeares with a settled and princelie temper swayed the sceptre of this Realme, with no less content of her subjects than wonder of the world. God hath blessed her government more by miracle than by counsaile, and yet by counsaile as much as can come from policie. Of a State taking such deepe roote as to be fastened by the providence of God, the virtue of the Prince, the wisdom of Counsellors, the obedience of subjects and the length of time; who would goe about to shake the lowest bough that feesles in his conscience but the least blessing."

We will conclude our article with the conclusion of the tract.

" Now me thinkes Martin begins to sketch himself like an old fencer, with a great conscience for a buckler, and a long tongue for a sword. Lie close you old cutter at the locke—*Nam mihi sunt vires et mea tela nocent*. Its odds but I shall thrust thee through the buckler into the brain, that is through the conscience into the wit.

" If thou sue me for a double maim I care not though the Jurie allow thee treble damages, it cannot amount to much, because thy conscience is without wit, and thy wit without conscience, and therefore both not worth a pennie.

" Therefore take this for the first venom of a younger brother, that meanes to drie beate those of the *Elder* house. Martin, this is my last straine for this fleech of mirth. I began with god-morrowe, and bid you god-night. I must time my fiddle and fetch some more rozen, that it may squeak out *Martins* matachine."

" *Finis*.

" *Candidissimi Lectores, peto terminium ad libellandum.*

" *Lectores*

" *Assignamus in proximum.*"

J. P. C.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

HISTORY.

ART. 11.—*A full and correct Account of the chief Naval Occurrences of the late War between Great Britain and the United States of America, preceded by a cursory Examination of the American Accounts of their Naval Actions fought previous to that period. By WILLIAM JAMES. 8vo. pp. 744. London, Egerton, 1817.*

A PART of the materials of this publication has already appeared in the *Naval Chronicle*, under the signature of Boxer. Subsequent to the adoption of the epistolary form, the author published a pamphlet at Halifax (Nova Scotia), entitled, *An Enquiry into the Merits of the principal Naval Actions between Great Britain and the United*

States, &c. Of this latter work we are told 2000 copies were disposed of in our North American colonies, and now an improved edition, with the details of each naval action more fully and correctly stated, is offered to the British public.

There is often so much partiality in the histories of the events of war, that it is extremely difficult to elicit truth from the narratives afforded. In order to enable the reader to form some accurate judgment for himself, the official accounts, American, as well as British, are inserted in a copious appendix, and several plates are supplied, which are very properly designed more to illustrate the subject than to ornament this production.

We understand that the author has in preparation a work upon the military occurrences of the late war between Great Britain and the United States.

ART. 12.—*The History of Norway from the earliest Times; by G. L. BLADEN, D.D. and from the Union of Calmar, by BARON HOLBERG. Translated from the Danish, and continued to the present time, by A. ANDERSEN FELDBORG, Author of a Tour in Zealand, &c.* 8vo. pp. 328. London, Bumpus, 1817.

It is justly remarked, that the histories of few countries has undergone less profound and attentive inquiry than that of Norway, and this unfortunate circumstance is to be attributed, among other causes, to the difficulty of obtaining authentic materials on the subject.

"The literary talents however of Professor Baden and Baron Holberg have been ably directed to this point, and hence in Denmark the present work has been warmly appreciated by the friends of rational liberty and science. Notwithstanding Norway has excited little interest since its involution with Denmark in 1660, at a more remote period it had considerable weight in the affairs of its more southerly neighbours, and it has to the present hour preserved a distinguished character for heroism and the most ardent patriotism. The victim of political indemnity, Norway in our day has seen itself transferred to a power with which it has always been in hostility, and to which it submitted with regret. Its permanent union with Sweden must therefore be very uncertain, since political struggles, similar to those which effected its excision from Denmark, may restore it to its old connexion. As the present period of the Norwegian history has become interesting from the courage and conduct of that nation, and the commiseration excited in the breast of every generous Englishman for its fate, the Translator has added a succinct account of the contest between Sweden and Norway, in which, though unsuccessful, the latter has preserved her glory and her heroism unsullied." (p. iii—iv.)

MEDICINE.

ART. 13.—*Letters to a Mother on the Management of Infants and Children, embracing the important Subjects of Nursing, Food, Clothing, Exercise, Bathing, &c. With cursory Remarks on the Diseases of Infancy and Childhood, with particular reference to their prevention.* 12mo. pp. 143. London, Harris, 1817.

WE cannot in terms sufficiently strong recommend this excellent little manual to the perusal and consideration of parents. We believe it was originally written for the use of a few private friends, but it was found to be so useful a directory for mothers, that the author was induced to extend the form, and to commit it to the press. On the importance of the subject, and the necessity of attracting to it the regard of those in this country who have the management of infancy, we have the following observations :

“ If it be a fact established on the most unquestionable evidence, that of the children born in large cities, nearly *one-third* die before they attain the age of two years; and that so great is the mortality in the early and most engaging periods of human existence, that not less than *half* die under eight years of age, surely it is of the highest importance that some effort should be made to arrest the progress of such mournful and affecting ravages.

“ The magnitude of the evil becomes greatly augmented when viewed in the relation which it bears to the welfare of a country which derives its strength in a great measure from the amount and vigour of its population : nor is the mischief diminished when looked at in its connexion with the happiness of families and individuals whose fond expectations are so frequently blasted by the early death of so many engaging children, the pride and dependance of those who deplore their loss.

“ In attempting to account for the premature removal of so large a portion of mankind in the stages of infancy and childhood, much ingenuity has been displayed in attributing it to the change which the constitution undergoes after birth. But a similar change takes place in all other animals as in the human species, without being accompanied with the same fatality. Much that is plausible, but little that is satisfactory, has been advanced on the high degree of nervous irritability and the extreme delicacy of frame which exist during the period of infancy. But this one consideration and single fact set such reasoning aside, that among savage nations, where the plain dictates of nature and common sense are followed, the variety of diseases and number of deaths, bear no proportion to those which occur in civilized countries.

“ In no part of the world do such absurd and dangerous practices prevail in the management of infants and children, or where they are so obstinately persisted in, in defiance of reason, as in England. Indeed such is the inattention among the lower classes of society, that though numbers become the victims of mismanagement,

it is a mystery how so many children survive the period of infancy." (p. 1—4.)

The author is an advocate for the nourishment of infants exclusively on the maternal breast, where the health of the parent will admit of it, and however near the resemblance may be between this natural diet, and food artificially prepared, reason and experience sufficiently demonstrate the superiority of the former to the latter.

"No children exhibit such unequivocal signs of health, or bear up so well under disease, as those that live exclusively on the breast. Wherever instinct and nature are permitted to teach, such is the course which they point out, and happy would it be for mankind, if parents would so far return to a state of nature, as to regulate their own diet, and that of their children, by her simple and salutary dictates. Ask the mothers (and not a few known to the author might be appealed to) whether the natural practice of allowing their infants to live entirely on the nourishment which their own breasts afford, has not contributed most materially to the promotion of their own enjoyment, and to the improvement of their health, independent of the high gratification resulting from beholding their children more healthy, and better able to resist and bear up under those diseases of infancy which have carried off the children of other parents who have refused to listen to the claims of nature. Observation and inquiry will soon convince any one disposed to be informed, that the fond expectations of disappointed mothers, and the affectionate hopes of indulgent fathers, would much more rarely be blasted, were children reared solely on the nurse's milk.

"In many parts of the world where children attain to the greatest beauty and vigour, they are not permitted to have any other nourishment but the mother's milk, till they have attained the age of twelve-months; and some of the finest and most robust children to be seen in this country, are those that are reared in a similar manner.

"But few mothers, comparatively, are to be found, who, if willing, would not be able to support their babes, at least, for a few months; and parental affection and occasional self-denial would be abundantly recompensed by blooming and vigorous children." (p. 33—35.)

For many other remarks, if possible, equally interesting and judicious, we must refer the reader to the work.

ART. 14.—*Remarks on Arsenic, considered as a Poison and a Medicine; to which are added Five Cases of Recovery from the poisonous effects of Arsenic: together with the Tests so successfully employed for detecting the white metallic oxide.* By JOHN MARSHALL, M.D. 8vo. pp. 161. London, Callow, 1817.

THIS work is intended chiefly for the perusal of the profession, and it is acknowledged that Mr. Hume, as a chemist, has afforded the author able assistance in the analytical department.

"The public," says Mr. Marshall, "are fully acquainted with
CRIT. REV. VOL. V. *June*, 1817. 4 O

the dreadful catastrophe which suddenly befel Mr. Turner, law stationer, of Chancery-lane, and his family, on the 21st of March, 1815, by the horrible attempt that was made to poison them. It was at that period considered a duty incumbent on me to publish my notes, on the progress of the symptoms in these interesting cases, with the mode of treatment that was pursued, and the chemical experiments. A faithful relation of facts has been strictly observed, which has frequently led to a repetition of the symptoms, as they occurred in each individual case; and as there were many variations, it would have been impossible to have enumerated them all correctly under one head or case.

"Should the description attempted to be given of the various symptoms, the medicinal treatment, and the analytical experiments, &c. be found worthy the perusal of medical men, the most ample compensation will be derived by the author." (p. vii—viii.)

ART. 15.—*Essay on the Shaking Palsy.* By JAMES PARKINSON. 8vo. pp. 66. London, Sherwood and Co. 1817

THE terms shaking palsy, or paralysis agitans, have been vaguely employed by medical writers; so that by some they are used to designate the ordinary cases of palsy, in which some slight tremblings have occurred; and according to others, they are applied to certain anomalous affections not even belonging to the palsy. The author endeavours, in this treatise, to illustrate the history of the disease—to point out the pathognomic symptoms—to distinguish it from other diseases with which it has been confounded—to trace its proximate and remote causes; and he closes the subject with considerations respecting the means of cure.

MORALS AND RELIGION.

ART. 14.—*Important Trifles; chiefly appropriate to Females on their Entrance into Society.* By EMMA PARKER, Author of "*Self-Deception*," &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 225. London, Egerton, 1817.

THIS work is directed to many matters of deep interest in juvenile education, which are, we suppose from some love of contradiction, denominated "*Important Trifles*." The truth is, that no subject of moral conduct and improvement is wholly omitted, notwithstanding the concise form of the publication. We have observed, in a former criticism on a production of Miss Parker, "*Self-Deception*," that the principles she inculcated were not so pure, and the practice she recommended was not so correct, as we should have wished to discover in so entertaining a writer; and we are agreeably disappointed to find in the present little performance nothing to object, and much to approve.*

* Vide Critical Review, Vol. IV. No. V. p. 511.

ART. 17.—*Considerations on the Doctrines of the Evangelical Clergy, and on the probable Effects of Evangelical Preaching. A Sermon, preached at Frome, Somersetshire, on Monday, June 2d, 1817; by the Rev. RICHARD WARNER.* 8vo. pp. 66. London, Longman and Co. 1817.

THIS sermon is on the text, Titus, iii. 8. "This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works. These things are good and profitable unto men." The verse is appropriate to the occasion, as the words were addressed to one of the first constituted bishops, who was appointed by St. Paul to preside in the church established in Crete, and to extend the great work of conversion begun in that island by the apostle. The author observes, that in the writing and preaching of the evangelical clergy, faith is brought forwards as the great object of culture and attainment with the Christian, so as to engross all the attention of the reader or hearer, and to prevent the divine morality of the Gospel from making a due impression on his mind. To counteract this mischievous error is the chief design of the reverend author.

NOVELS.

ART. 18.—*Rachel; a Tale.* 12mo. London, Taylor and Hesse, pp. 153. 1817.

THIS is a plain story, and all the events it narrates are probable. We are told by the author that most of the characters are taken from life, which may be an inducement to some to read it, and all the incidents are fictitious, which may be a recommendation to others. It is a first, and certainly not an unsuccessful attempt, and the intention of the whole is to assign the proper medium for the conduct of females, and to shew by instructive examples, equally the evil effects of the extremes of homeliness and refinement.

POLITICS.

ART. 19.—*The Coalition and France. Translated from the French.* 8vo. pp. 160. London, Pople, 1817.

THE original of this work is entitled *La Coalition et la France*, and it must be read as the production of a foreigner. There are passages in it respecting this country which are palpably false, but we must allow for the ebullition of passion in an exasperated Frenchman. These sheets are presented to the British public, because they afford much food for reflection, and exhibit many important maxims of state policy. The author endeavours to awaken the sensibility of his native country to its true condition, according to his view of it.

"France," he says, "is like those oases of Upper Egypt, which are surrounded and threatened on all sides by the sands of the desert."

The caravan, instead of preparing to encounter fresh perils, foolishly makes war on itself, and thinks only of giving solid supports to the tents of a day. Soon the destructive wind will come on: the sands will rise; the desert will invade the oasis; the hurricane will disperse the tents scarcely set up; and the unwary caravan will be swallowed up in the tempest.

"We come, it is high time, to denounce to our king dangers, to our country disasters, to the world revolutions. . . .

"Happy at least, if, while in the first part of our work we guide the finger to the wounds of the body politic, we be able in the second part to point out the healing dittany, for which all its evils cry aloud."

"Happy above all, never once, throughout the hazardous task we have imposed on ourselves, to have lost sight of that noble device of illustrious French knights: '*Do what you ought, happen what may!*'" (p. xi—xii.)

ART. 20.—*The Resolutions and Petition to Parliament, respecting Children employed by Chimney Sweepers, as Climbing Boys. To which is added an Address, by* SAMUEL ROBERTS. 12mo. pp. 24. Sheffield, 1817.

THIS petition was agreed upon at a public meeting of the inhabitants of Sheffield, held in April last, for the purpose of considering the propriety and practicability of ameliorating the condition of Climbing Boys, and of finally superseding the employment of them, by the substitution of machinery for cleansing chimnies. The humane persons who voted the resolutions did not confine themselves to words, but by acts endeavoured to carry into effect their purpose, and they procured the best machines that were known, and suggested the improvements of which they were capable.

"Let it however be understood, that it is not proposed to do away with Climbing Boys all at once, but only to prohibit the masters from taking any more children to be thus barbarously employed.—Those who are already apprenticed will have to serve out their time, so that it will be six years before the whole system could be abolished. This would give time for the present masters to become expert in the use of Machines, and those chimnies which are difficult to sweep with the Machines, might be continued to be swept by the Boys, till other more effective inventions were by ingenuity and experience produced to answer every desirable purpose. This would prevent any inconvenience to the public, or any great loss to the masters. It would in the mean time, be a tie upon the latter to behave well to the boys, as they would be afraid of losing them because they could not replace them, and they would know that the eyes of the public were perpetually upon them—all these reasons, Sir, convince me, and I trust will convince all who hear them, that the cause which we have espoused must ultimately triumph!

"The public does not often think long on any subject, without

in the end thinking right. The difficulty is to get them to think at all upon *this*. If we can do that, we must (by God's blessing) succeed. Prejudice alone is against us—all the arguments are for us—truth, mercy and justice are on our side—only persevere and prejudice itself will give way!—'Let us not, Sir, be weary in well doing, and in *due season*, we shall reap if we faint not.' " (p. 24)

The subject is now under the consideration of Parliament, and the petition before us, is on the table of the House of Commons, where we trust it will meet with the attention its beneficent object demands.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Literary Intelligence, &c.

In a few days will be published, an octavo edition of the *Private Correspondence of Benjamin Franklin, LL.D. F.R.S. &c.* comprehending a series of familiar, literary, and political letters, written between the years 1755 and 1790. Published from the originals in the possession of his grandson Wm. Temple Franklin.

Rob Roy, a novel, in 3 vols. By author of "*Waverley*," &c.

For why; Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them—the simple plan
That they should take, who have the
power,

And they should keep who can.

Rob Roy's Grave. Wordsworth.

The Principles of Diagnosis, by Marshall Hall, M.D. &c.—This book is founded entirely on the external appearances of morbid affections. It embraces, 1. A view of the countenance and attitude of patients, inasmuch as they are plainly characteristic of diseases. 2. The symptoms of diseases, considered in their modifications, and in relation to particular affections. 3. A diagnostic arrangement of diseases; and, lastly, their diagnosis. A part of this work will appear in July.

Harrington, a tale, and *Ormond*, a tale, in 3 vols. duodecimo. By Miss Edgeworth, author of *Comic Dramas*, *Tales of Fashionable Life*, &c.

On the first of July will be published, *Evening Hours*, a collection of original poems, in one vol. foolscap 8vo.

Speedily will be published, vol. 1, of the *Dublin Hospital Reports and Communications in Medicine and Surgery*. The work will consist of two parts: 1. Annual reports from medical and surgical hospitals. 2. Miscellaneous communications on medical and surgical diseases, tending to the improvement of pathology and practice. The work will be edited by four physicians or surgeons to extensive hospitals, who will publish one volume every year. It is expected that the first volume will contain papers by the following gentlemen: Dr. Cheyne, Dr. Percival, Mr. Crampton, Mr. Todd, Mr. Colles, Mr. Cusack, and others.

A concise *Treatise of Perspective*, with plates and examples, by Mr. Wells, drawing-master to the Blue-coat school.

France, by Lady Morgan, in a quarto volume, will be published in a few days.

A new and corrected edition of the *Musæ Etonensis*, with additional pieces, by the Hon. Wm. Herbert, will soon appear in two octavo volumes.

Mr. Bayfield (surgeon-copper to Guy's hospital) intends shortly to publish a concise treatise on the Art of Cupping. The work will be illustrated by some remarkable cases, wherein the performance of this operation has been attended with evident success.

Sir John Sinclair's Code of Agriculture.—If such a work were to be attempted at this time, there is, perhaps, no individual, on whom it is so incumbent to endeavour to prove that it might be executed, as the person who now ventures to offer the result of his labours to the public. On this suggestion, the government of Great Britain established a board of agriculture, and internal improvement; under whose auspices the greatest exertions were made to collect useful information, as a foundation for such a work as the one now proposed, the publication of which, from the commencement of the new institution, was in his contemplation. A great body of valuable materials having been thus amassed, what could be more desirable than to reduce the substance of the whole, into so moderate a compass, that it would require, neither much expense to purchase, nor much time to peruse? After considering deliberately how the proposed plan could best be executed, the following appeared to him the most simple, and the most com-

prehensive he could devise:—

I. To consider those "*preliminary points*," to which a farmer ought to attend, otherwise he can never expect to carry on, in a successful manner, any system of husbandry. These particulars are,—climate; soil; subsoil; elevation; aspect; situation; tenure, whether in property, or on lease; rent; burdens on; and size of the farm.—II. To inquire into the nature of "*those means of cultivation, which are essential to insure its success*:" these are capital; regular accounts; arrangement of agricultural labour; farm servants; labourers in husbandry; live stock; implements; agricultural buildings; command of water; divisions of fields; and farm roads.—III. To point out "*the various modes of improving land*," by cultivating wastes; inclosing; draining; manuring; paring and burning; fallowing; weeding; irrigation; flooding; warping; embanking; and planting.—IV. To explain "*the various modes of occupying land*," in arable culture; grass; woods; gardens; orchards; and—V. To offer some general remarks on "*the means of improving a country*:" by diffusing information; by removing obstacles to improvement; and, by positive encouragement.

This work is intended to form one large volume octavo (and will be published early in August), in the body of which, general principles can alone be dwelt upon. Where particular information is necessary, it will be inserted in notes; and where the subjects are of great importance, and require minute details, it is proposed to consider them in separate dissertations.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The History of Java, containing a general Description of the Country and its Inhabitants; the State of Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce; the nature of the Government and Institutions; and the Customs and Usages peculiar to the People: together with an Account of the Languages, Literature, and Antiquities of the Country, and the Native History of the Island, principally from native authorities, with map and numerous plates. By Tho. Stamford Raffles, Esq. F.R.S. and S. A. late Lieut. Governor of that Island and its dependencies, late President of the Society of Arts and Sciences at Batavia, Member of the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, and Honorary Member of the Literary Society at Bombay.

The Young Man of Honour's Vade Mecum, being a salutary Treatise on Duelling; together with the Annals of Chivalry, the Ordeal Trial, and Judicial Combat. From the earliest Times. By Abraham Bosquett, Esq.

Qui ante non cavet, post dolebit.

How many dangers do environ
The man who meddles with cold iron.
HUDIBRAS.

Voyages and Discoveries in the South Sea, or Pacific Ocean. By James Burney, Esq. F.R.S. and Captain in the Royal Navy. The fifth and concluding volume, 4to.

Observations on the Diseased Manifestations of the Mind, or Insanity. By J. G. Spurzheim, M. D.

Select Pieces in Verse and Prose. By the late John Bowdler, jun. Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law. With a portrait of the author.

Musomania, or Poets' Purgatory.
Non v'accorgete smai di tanti segni,
Che nel' inferno della povertade,
Sono l'alme dannate i bell' ingegni.
SAL. ROSA, Sat.

An Essay on the Characters of Macbeth and Richard III. By J. P. Kemble. Crown 8vo.

Memoires du Marquis de Dangeau. ou Journal de la Cour de Louis XIV. depuis 1684, jusqu'a 1715; avec des

Notes historiques et critiques. Par Madame la Comtesse de Genlis, 3 tom. 8vo.

A Poetical Epistle from Delia, addressed to Lord Byron, dated Lauzanne, Oct. 1816.

Journal of an English Traveller, from 1814 to 1816, or Memoirs and Anecdotes of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and of her Court; with Letters to her Royal Highness, Lord Liverpool, Mr. Whitbread, &c. 8vo.

A new edition, being the twelfth, of A Practical View of prevailing Religious Systems of Professed Christians in the Higher and Middle Classes in this Country, contrasted with real Christianity. By William Wilberforce, Esq. M. P.

Observations on the West India Islands, Medical, Political, and Miscellaneous. By John Williamson, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, formerly Surgeon to the Caithness Highlanders, and of Spanish Town, Jamaica.

An Anniversary Ode on Waterloo, and the Opening of the New Bridge by his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and his Grace the Duke of Wellington. By B. Read, jun. Richmond.

The Beauties of Sturm's Reflections, in Lessons on the Works of God and of his Providence; suited to the capacities of Youth. By Eliza Andrews.

A Description of the Characters, Manners, and Customs of the People of India; and their Institutions, Religious and Civil. By the Abbé J. A. Dubois, Missionary in the Mysore. Translated from the French manuscript.

An Inquiry into the Abuses of the Chartered Schools in Ireland, with Remarks on the Education of the Lower Classes in that Country. 8vo.

An Essay on the Nature of Light, Heat and Electricity. By C. C. Bompas, Barrister at Law. 8vo.

Observations on the Natural History of Genus Irundo, particularly with respect to its Brumal Retreat; with a copious reference to passages

relating to the Swallow, in different Authors. By Thomas Forster, F.L.S. Corresp. Memb. Acad. Nat. Sciences, at Philadelphia, &c. &c. &c. author of "Researches about Atmospheric Phenomena, Notes to the Diomeia of Aratus," &c. &c.. Sixth edition, very considerably enlarged with numerous additions.

Remarks on Insanity, chiefly with reference to the Physical Symptoms, founded on the practice of John Mayo, M.D. By Thomas Mayo, M.D.

Modern Politics, taken from Machiavel, Borgia and other choice Authors. By an Eye-Witness, a curious Reprint.

Christian Essays. By the Rev. Samuel Charles Wilks, A. M. of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, and Curate of St. Martin's, Exeter.

Maria, a Domestic Tale. By Catherine St. George.

All Classes productive of National Wealth; or the Theories of M. Quesnai, Dr. Adam Smith, and Mr. Gray, concerning the various Classes of Men, as to the Production of Wealth to the Community, analysed and examined. By George Purves, L.L.D.

The Banks of Isis, and other Poems. By Thomas Gillet.

An Account of the Means by which Admiral Henry, of Rolvenden, in Kent, has cured the Rheumatism, a tendency to the Gout, the Tic Douloureux, the Cramp and other disorders; and by which a Cataract in the Eye was removed; with engravings of the instruments made use of in the several operations practised by Admiral Henry.

Churchyard's Chips concerning Scotland; being a Collection of his Pieces relative to that country, with Historical Notices, and a Life of the Author, ornamented with Churchyard's arms, and a fac-simile of his writing and signature. By George Chalmers, F.R.S. S.A.

Important Trifles, chiefly appropriate to Females on their entrance into Society. By Emma Parker,

author of Self-Deception, the Guerilla Chief, &c. &c.

Dramatic Tales, illustrative of the Superstitions and Manners chiefly of the Lower Scotch. By the author of the Poetic Mirror.

Headlong Hall. Second edition.

Sermons, chiefly on Devotional Subjects. By the Reverend Archibald Bonar, Minister of Cramond. Vol. II.

The second edition of the Paradise of Coquettes, a Poem.

On the Rule of Faith; in Reply to Mr. Joseph Fletcher, Minister of the Independents at Blackburn, and author of Lectures on the Roman Catholic Religion. By Joseph Fairclough.

Sermons on Faith, Doctrines, and Public Duties. By the Very Rev. William Vincent, D.D. late Dean of Westminster; with a Life of the Author, by the Rev. Robert Nares, Archdeacon of Stafford, &c.

A Word in Season to my Beloved Country.

Sugden's Guide to France, illustrated by a map.

On the Principles of the Christian Religion, addressed to her Daughter, and on Theology. By Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, author of the Memoirs of the Life of Col. Hutchinson, Governor of Nottingham Castle and Town, &c.

Surgical Observations; being a Quarterly Report of Cases in Surgery, illustrated by plates. Part IV. completing vol. I.

The History of the British Revolution, recording all the Events connected with that Transaction in England, Scotland and Ireland, down to the Capitulation of Limerick in 1691, in the last of these Kingdoms inclusive.

"Quis nescit primam esse historix legem, ne quid falsi dicere audeat; deinde, ne quid veri non audeat."

CICERO DE ORATORE.

By George Moore, Esq.

